

THE MEANING OF THE AUSTRIAN NOTE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

The Nation

VOL. XXIII, No. 25.
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1918.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	637	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...	647
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		POETRY:—	
The Wrong Answer and		The Next War ...	650
the Right ...	640	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	651
The Meaning of the Austrian		REVIEWS:—	
Note ...	641	Clive and Hastings. By	
State Bank or Money		the Rt. Hon. Augustine	
Trust? ...	642	Birrell, M.P. ...	652
A LONDON DIARY ...	643	Domestic Diplomacy ...	654
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Gudrid the Fair ...	656
Metaphor in Politics ...	645	BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	658
Cleon's Conversion ...	646	THE WEEK IN THE CITY ...	660

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

A NOTE addressed by Austria-Hungary to the belligerents on both sides was despatched on September 15th. The document begins by remarking that, ever since the Note of December, 1916, peace has been in the centre of discussion. The progress of the public discussion had, however, been interrupted by the changes of fundamental views occasioned by changes in the military situation. Nevertheless the distance between the opposed conceptions had grown less, and a certain agreement on basic principles could be observed. Extreme aims appeared to have been moderated. Thus, while the Entente reply to the 1916 Note made demands which meant the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, Mr. George and Mr. Balfour had since both denied that it was the aim of the Entente to partition Austria-Hungary. Moreover, President Wilson had formulated general principles which encountered no objection from his Allies, and the far-reaching application of which the Central Powers did not oppose. How could the way be paved for a peace of understanding? The public discussions suffered under the disadvantage that they were inevitably addressed as much to maintaining the warlike spirit at home as to securing peace, and in them responsible statesmen were induced to adhere to their extremest aims. Accordingly the Austrian Government invited the belligerents to a direct, confidential and non-binding discussion "of the basic principles of a proposal of peace" in a neutral country.

THE tone of the Note itself is sedulously moderate. The covering document varies slightly in tone, in that it accuses the Entente Governments of having forcibly suppressed all discussion of peace ideas in December, 1916. It has importance, however. It puts with greater cogency than the Note itself the argument that the ruin which will be caused by a prolongation of the war cannot possibly be made good even for the victor by his victory. Further, it defines with greater exactness the nature and the subject of the negotiations which the Note proposes. The belligerents are invited to investigate jointly in a free exchange of ideas whether "those requisite conditions exist which offer a chance of leading to prompt negotiations for peace." In other

words, the substance of the Austrian invitation is that the Entente should, through fully accredited representatives, inquire whether the Central Powers are willing to satisfy their preliminary conditions of peace negotiations, the unmistakable suggestion being that though these preliminary conditions cannot be accepted in public, they will be in private. At the same time, the Austro-Hungarian Government sent a Note to the Vatican, recalling the Papal Note of 1917, and asking for the sympathy and support for the present *démarche*.

* * *

THE satisfaction of the Jingo "Hamburger Fremdenblatt" at the thought that Herr von Payer's speech imposed proper limits on the Austrian peace offer is instructive. These limits Herr von Payer defined in the following way: Germany was to receive back her colonies, apparently as a preliminary condition of peace. When peace was concluded Germany could evacuate the occupied regions, and if no other State was more favorably placed in Belgium than Germany, it would be given back without encumbrance or reserve. Germany, as the innocent victim of premeditated attack, had the moral right to indemnities. However, taking into consideration that it would take a long while to get them, in spite of the favorable nature of Germany's military position, she preferred to abandon indemnities. As for the League of Nations, Germany knew all about it at a time when England was conducting savage wars of aggrandizement. She was, moreover, prepared for disarmament, on condition of complete reciprocity and its application to naval as well as military forces, and she was willing to agree to the erection of international safeguards for the protection of national minorities. With regard to the East, she would not dream of submitting to the Entente for approval or alteration her treaties with Russia, the Ukraine, or Roumania. "In the East we have peace, and it remains for us peace, whether it pleases our neighbors or not."

* * *

It is reported that the "Berliner Tageblatt" has declared that von Payer's terms are satisfactory as far as the West is concerned. Since we believe in the good faith of the "Tageblatt," we hasten to remove a misconception. Those terms are not satisfactory to us even in the West. Von Payer says no word about compensation to Belgium. We insist upon it. And her independence must be restored without any condition whatever. Belgium must be free to take up what attitude she likes to Germany, and may if she will deny Germany the benefit of the most favored nation clause. We hope that at the end of the war there will be a League of Nations which will establish equality of treatment for all its members, and that Germany and Belgium will be included in it. But that is a matter for Belgium to decide in the exercise of her full sovereignty. Germany must promise complete restoration and independence before peace negotiations are possible. On the other hand, if von Payer's declarations concerning the West were unsatisfactory, his declaration concerning the East was equally so. Its effect was, as

the "Hamburger Fremdenblatt" congratulates itself, to minimise the Austrian peace offer. But that does not absolve us from making the situation clear to the peoples of Austria and Germany.

* * *

THE Kaiser's speech at Krupp's was not less important than that of Herr von Payer's, even though it did not deal with Germany's terms of peace. It was a remarkable manifestation of the strange combination of puerility and real ability which is the mind of the ruling Hohenzollern. It showed the skill with which the Kaiser can put into practice his determination to remain at the head of the German people both in attack and defence. But it is likely that his return to his phrase of 1914—"I know no more parties, but only Germans"—comes too late. The propaganda value of his assertion that in December, 1916, he made "a public, clear, and unambiguous offer of peace" has worn pretty thin in Germany now, where it has become a commonplace that it was only the tactical preliminary to the unrestricted submarine war. Nor are the results of his nightly pondering on the causes of the war, that it was the result of the eternal conflict between the "Yea" and "Nay," of the great negation of Germany's right to existence of compelling cogency. His denunciation of the spirit of faction among the parties will fall coldly upon working men who have watched the comedy played with the promise of franchise reform in the Prussian Diet. The least he can do to convince them is to dissolve the Lower House, and until that is done the appeals of the Kaiser will have no great effect.

* * *

WE are in a situation widely different from that of America. President Wilson's fourteen points are before the world, and if the Central Powers desire peace with America they know what they have to do. But the position of the Entente is still ambiguous. The attempt is already being made by the "Times" to put forward our reply to the German offer of December, 1916, as the authoritative statement of our terms. Every day sees the "Times" surreptitiously add some item to the irreducible minimum of Mr. George's speech in January last—"retribution" for Belgium, the complete surrender of Alsace-Lorraine, the complete independence of Czecho-Slovakia—aims whose enforcement would result in making Europe an armed camp for generations to come. America has rejected the Austrian offer out of hand. We greatly regret the form of the decision. The offer was worth more than twenty-five minutes' consideration, and if America's objection is to private conversations instead of open diplomacy, it was open to her to say so. But the American terms in themselves remain, and they are the key to the kind of peace which the world wants. Unless we come out into the open and formally subscribe to them, we shall not only let slip a supreme opportunity of putting the real choice before the German people, but we shall run the risk of finding ourselves in fundamental conflict with America on vital questions when the settlement does come.

* * *

THE Prime Minister's Northern tour was unfortunately interrupted by his illness, but his Manchester speech gives a fair indication of what he has in his mind. On the war he took a medium position. The worst was over, but the end was not yet, and victory was an essential preliminary to the organization of a League of Nations. Otherwise there would be no holding the German delegates to the League. But, provided Prussian domination was ended, Germany should be made a welcome member. Peace must be dictated neither by Bolsheviks nor by Chauvinists, and as we could not accept a Brest-Litovsk Treaty, so we must not impose one on her. Germany, in a word, must not be armed with a real wrong. This is very good language, and if the peace-party in Germany interprets it favorably and acts on it, the bad effect of von Payer's speech may in time be cancelled.

As for reconstruction, it is clear that Mr. George has no mandate from the Tory Party to issue an electoral programme, or to proceed on those definite lines of taxation and social reform without which programme-making is castle-building in the air. Lacking this authority, Mr. George turned his gibes on the party politics from which he is excluded. Grapes which are out of reach are always sour. The Prime Minister hinted at some lines of change, such as the development of education and transport, the "shielding" of key industries, the fostering of agriculture, housing, and (possibly) a Ministry of Health. An A1 Empire could not be maintained with a C3 population. Neither, we suggest, can bricks be made without straw, or plans of reform succeed without an organized force behind them. This Mr. George lacks. He stands aloof from the three main divisions of our politics. And one-man parties are short-lived. For the moment the master-key rests in Mr. Asquith's hands. Next week we shall see what use he will make of it.

* * *

THE most striking event in the military situation still remains the American blow at St. Mihiel. General Mangin's troops have been fighting their way against all the odds of position to the rear of the Chemin des Dames and the St. Gobain massif; and complete success in either aim would have profound results. The same may be said of some of the other recent movements on the Western front, which however, have never looked like doing more than abrade the surface of the forward positions of the Hindenburg system. It must, of course, be admitted that the very swiftness of the German retreat necessitated some pause before a concerted attack on the grand scale could be delivered. It was one of the advantages upon which Ludendorff counted in ordering the retreat. The new attack north-west of St. Quentin is too recent for us to estimate correctly its purpose and chances. In the Eastern "theatre" it seems almost foolish to record events which apparently move from complication to complication. But if the commanding figure of Ivanoff is to appear once more in the field, it is possible some order may cause another chaos. The Macedonian offensive has achieved an immediate success on a bad terrain; but until it shows signs of considerable development it must be reckoned merely a detaining action.

* * *

GENERAL PERSHING's entry into the struggle on the Western front with the first complete American Army will stand out in the history of the war. His success was immediate and lacked nothing in completeness. This alone in a warfare which has its own technique, as unlike the classical battles as possible, would be a considerable achievement. But there is the more arresting fact that he wiped out at a stroke the great salient of St. Mihiel and carried the Allied line forward until on this sector it faces towards Metz. The St. Mihiel position was the standing proof that almost any position can be held if it is suitably organized and the defenders are determined to stand their ground. There had been practically no change in the position since the Germans first established themselves across the Meuse in the second month of the war. The great struggle for Verdun would have lost its purpose if this salient had been wiped out; and it remained a spearhead pointing to the rear of the positions in Champagne. Woods and broken ground provided the soil for an efficient defence; but like all salients its purpose was operative. Merely to retain salients is a luxury too expensive for modern warfare, unless there is some chance of following up the line of their thrust.

* * *

It is certainly true, therefore, that the German Staff had had "under consideration for years the evacuation of this salient which was liable to encirclement from both sides." The German Staff which makes this statement also says that the evacuation was "begun a few days ago." The explanation gives the enemy but

cold com
60,000 G
cent. in
efficient
delivered
the retro
can Arm
Pershing
on the T
salient
other bo
the Fre
nose of
stroke i
greatest
which v
On this
fighting
man re
had equ
been ca

On
grassla
offensiv
mid-da
of five
to be
the ga
were h
The F
the C
little
amount
the ev
of the
twent
lies on
be con
also u
not o
he ha
consic
happ
a litt
of G
groun
in thi

Sund
and
miles
Bulg
a-ha
atta
and
near
miles
and
to re
the
over
tow
turn
is r
any
cess
Au
pur
cam
fro
tum
unc

cold comfort. There are estimated to have been some 60,000 German troops in the salient. A loss of 25 per cent. in prisoners alone does not argue an extremely efficient retreat. The attack was expected; but it was delivered with such force and made such headway that the retreat only just avoided disaster. The First American Army struck under the personal command of General Pershing on a front of twelve miles between Fay-en-Haye, on the Thiaucourt road, and Xivray. This sector of the salient faced, roughly, north-west, looking towards the other boundary of the salient below Les Eparges where the French and American troops were fighting. At the nose of the salient the French alone were engaged. The stroke from Les Eparges, delivered on ground of the greatest difficulty, only dented out the line to Combres, which was temporarily lost to an enemy counter-attack. On this part of the front the Austrian divisions were fighting, and their claim to have safeguarded the German retreat is amply justified; for if the advance there had equalled that from the south the enemy would have been caught in a trap.

* * *

On the southern sector the country was open rolling grassland, and offered distinct attractions to a bold offensive. The chance was seized, and not long after mid-day on Thursday the advance had reached a depth of five miles, and the gap through which the escape had to be made was less than ten miles across. On Friday the gap had been closed, and the Franco-American forces were holding a line twelve miles north-east of St. Mihiel. The French were once again in the Meuse town and also the Camp du Romain. The recovered villages were little damaged; and though there was a considerable amount of material captured, the quantity shows that the evacuation had undoubtedly begun. As a net result of the operations the line has been shortened by about twenty miles, and we are brought nearer Metz, which lies only some twelve miles off. General Pershing is to be congratulated upon his brilliant victory, and, perhaps, also upon his reticence as to the actual battle. He has not only shown what the American Army can do; but he has also shown where much can be done. There are considerable chances on this Eastern front; but it is perhaps wiser to leave them until Foch has shown his hand a little more plainly. But Verdun, "the postern gate of Germany," again becomes a feasible jumping-off ground, and everyone knows where Foch first won fame in this war.

* * *

THE Serbians and French took the offensive on Sunday morning between Monastir and the Vardar, and at once advanced on a front of some nine miles into the mountain position which the Bulgars had established and fortified in two and a-half years' work. On the second day of the attack the front had been extended to over sixteen, and the breach in the mountain defences amounted to nearly five miles. The depth of advance is in places ten miles. The ground was over a mile above the sea-level, and in this tangle of mountains the Bulgars seemed fated to remain. But the skill and courage of the attack forced the positions, and gave the Allies some 30 guns and over 4,000 prisoners. The Allies are now fighting towards the eastern arm of the Teerna with the aim of turning the Bulgar position in the Seleckka hills. There is much hard fighting to be done in this area before any great results can be achieved. But the present success will probably result in the detention of German and Austrian troops who are needed elsewhere, and if this purpose is achieved it will be enough. We want no more campaigns to disperse our forces and draw them away from the decisive front. The blow has come at an opportune moment, and the flank operations are being ably undertaken by the Greeks.

* * *

THE operations of the Third and Fourth British Armies on the sixteen-mile front between Holnon and

Gouzeaucourt have carried the troops across the outpost positions of the Hindenburg line, across even the old defensive line upon which we met the German offensive on March 21st. We have captured numerous villages which figured then in the fighting, and near Le Catelet we are close to the St. Quentin Canal. The number of prisoners captured is already 10,000, and there is also much material and a number of guns to mark our success. But everything reflects the changed nature of the fighting. The men went forward again with but a short preliminary bombardment; but they had to press through a hostile barrage and the resistance was due to small bodies of German soldiers in carefully organised positions. So far as we can see, then, we have gained a considerable success after the measure of positional warfare, and until we see how the victory can be developed we must suspend our judgment as to the question of forcing the Hindenburg positions without slow siege warfare. Every day, now that the Germans are left undisturbed, intensifies the problem confronting us since the Germans are feverishly working upon their defences. But Foch has chances of turning these positions and we expect to see him use them.

* * *

THE "revelations" concerning the Bolsheviks, lately published in Washington, are, like most previous revelations of the kind, not particularly convincing. The documents brought forward are, without exception, requests or instructions from Germany. For all that the "revelations" can show they may have been thrown into the waste-paper basket and ferreted out from it. There is no proof that any response was made, and as far as we know, the Soviet Government did none of the things it was instructed to do. If these allegations can be proved they would be of the utmost importance. Yet even the Washington correspondent of the "Times" tacitly admits that they are unproven by asserting that the proof of German plans of economic domination in Russia, which is contained in a memorandum sent to the Soviet Government by the Reichsbank, is more important than the "revelations." As if it were not a matter of common knowledge that Germany aims at the economic domination in Russia! The endorsements on the memorandum, say the "revelations," show that it was sympathetically received, "but it is not known what was its final fate." It is an insult to the impartial mind to ask it to accept such evidence as this, and if it is, as we believe it is, an enormity to attempt to impose an economic domination upon a beaten enemy, it would be as well if the "Times" took as much pains to defeat the plan of the economic war after the war as it does in manipulating evidence to show that the Bolsheviks deliberately betrayed Russia to the enemy.

* * *

THE position of the C.O.s has been slightly varied by a Home Office plan to group them in a kind of semi-penal colony in Wakefield Prison, which they will inhabit without keys to their doors—neither free nor unfree. The C.O.s may accept this plan if it is unaccompanied by military discipline, or by any occupation tending to feed the war; otherwise they will resist. But it looks like a form of imprisonment for the duration of the war. Sir George Cave improperly describes these men as shirkers who are afraid of their skins. In fact, they are serving the hardest sentences known to our rigorous prison system, and scores have broken down under it. Every day of such an ordeal stamps afresh the good faith of their objection and the bad faith of the administration which admits that their anti-war conscience exists, and therefore that they have earned the exemption from war-service which the law allows them. Could there be a worse position for the law to stand in?

* * *

WE regret that in a recent issue of THE NATION we mis-spelt Mr. Victor Fisher's name, describing it as Fischer instead of Fisher. It has been given correctly in other issues.

Politics and Affairs.

THE WRONG ANSWER AND THE RIGHT.

WHATEVER may be said of the substance of the British and American replies to the Austrian Peace Note, their form leaves much to be desired. The Note was at once an argument and an appeal, and its tone was moderate to the point of humility. The Austrians claimed no victory, uttered no taunt, proffered no menace. Premising that the views of the two parties did not seem quite irreconcilable, they submitted an unambitious plan for examining them further, and seeing whether a still closer agreement was possible. Mr. Balfour admits that his unfriendly criticism of its unprovocative plea was delivered after "a few minutes' study of it. Mr. Wilson's uncompromising rejection was hurled back at Vienna within twenty-five minutes of its delivery. The form of the American response is indeed a grave disappointment. Mr. Wilson declares, through Mr. Lansing, that he has stated his terms, and can entertain "no proposal" for a Conference on them. We do not see how on this method the world can ever attain to peace save through the unconditional surrender of the Central Powers. The Note declared that the four-fold Alliance had no objection to the "far-going application" of Mr. Wilson's principles, provided it was general and fair. This is at once a suggestion of acceptance and an appeal for conversations. Since 1916 this has been the consistent language of Austrian, as distinct from German, statesmanship. Is this difference of tone undeserving an hour's examination by statesmen who have the power to summon millions of boys to their death or to release them for life and happiness? Supposing it were as great in fact and intention as it certainly is in manner? Supposing, for example, that we can negotiate a separate peace with Austria, and possibly with Turkey and Bulgaria also? Is that a matter which must not even be explored? We cannot so measure the responsibility of men.

Still less can we reconcile the procedure of the Allies with the great cause they represent. We can perfectly understand a reply which would set the Austrian Note in sharp contrast with the von Payer speech, and declare that such an utterance as that offered no basis of agreement, and therefore no hope of result even for a "non-binding" conversation. But what is to be said of Mr. Balfour's plea that the Austrian tender could only be designed to break up the unity of the Allies? Is that unity so slight that after over four years of war it can be jeopardized, not by a Peace Conference, but by a conversation on the "basis" of peace? If the tie be so precarious, it can hardly be said to exist, and the failure of the Allies to restate their peace terms would be proof of their essential disagreement. But it would be indefensible to pursue the world-war to a point when all Europe had become one blood-soaked battlefield, for ends which could not be avowed because no common measure of them existed. If therefore the Allies will not go into even a preliminary debate, they are bound either to state their peace terms or admit explicitly that, like Germany, their reliance is on Might. But such a confession would be the moral destruction of their cause. Right cannot be achieved purely by Might. Reason, and the weapons of reason, which are argument and debate, form the moral and intellectual approach to the attainment of Right, and there is no other way. We can sympathize with Mr. Wilson's objection to confidential communications. He prefers open diplomacy. But it was possible for him to call for a

mutual disclosure of terms. His own fourteen propositions are of the utmost value as "bases" of settlement. A just and durable peace might be constructed from them to-morrow, if only we would give them an unreserved adherence. But they need some definition, some detailed application to the issues of the war and to the conditions of State-life in Europe. That is in effect the Austrian request. But when every offer of accommodation is rejected, *sans phrase*, the policy of the Allies loses its moral significance, and reverts to the Prussian conception of Force. The will of the Allies is undeclared, but it must prevail. The enemy's will may approximate to theirs. But it is to remain undeciphered until the conqueror, with his foot on the foe, can complete his demonstration of power. What principle can emerge from such a struggle to distinguish it from any of its predecessors? We know of none. Mr. Wilson will not have vindicated democracy. He will merely have impoverished it. The Allies will not have saved the small nations; they will have ruined them. As the ordeal goes on, the pulse of civilization may run down to the point of exhaustion; the stuff of life be so physically deteriorated, and so drained of hope, as to forbid an early repair.

It seems to us, therefore, that the Austrian Note cannot be dismissed in the spirit of pure negation. If the decision is that every peace tender is to be turned down irrespective of its merits, and with the worst view of the inner desires and thoughts of the men who make it, because the Allies are pre-determined to reject it, then let us dismiss all talk of Austrian "cynicism" and confess the grander cynicism of our own design. The nature of the calculation will then be clear. We will not look at peace because we are engaged in an unconcluded speculation in war. We look to America to finish Germany next year, and roll her pride in the dust. If that is our war-aim, it is still no reason why we should abstain from laboring diplomatically to detach Austria from the Central Alliance. All Germany's Allies want peace, for none of them have her motive for continuing the war. On the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, on the Polish question, on nearly every point of the Eastern entanglement, Austria now has interests widely diverging from Germany's, and nearly approaching our own. But the policy of the "knock-out blow" opposes a serious obstacle both to the development of these divergent interests, and to the task of weaning the German peoples from their fatal reliance on militarism. That task still lies well within our power if our rulers are able to disavow a plan of pure destruction by war or by economic pressure after war, and will offer a democratic Germany her seat at the League of Nations and her fair place in the world of trade.

We must do the Prime Minister the justice of freely admitting that this is the more prevailing note of his later speeches, as it is unquestionably the note of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Henderson. Mr. George spoke a far-sounding word when he said at Manchester that we should neither impose a Brest-Litovsk peace on Germany, nor allow her to impose one. That is a fair offer. Why not convert and expand it into a statement of terms, in harmony with Mr. Wilson's fourteen propositions, and elicit an Austro-German declaration in return? Let us examine the possible mechanism of such a proposal. The Austrian suggestion of an informal Conference on "basic principles" might succeed, and then, greatly to the chagrin of our Never-Endians, there would be peace. But the Conference might break down, and then the war start afresh and with renewed exasperation. That objection would not apply to the idea of maintaining a continuous channel of communication between the two parties. Such a mediatory force

would, of course, lack all authority to conclude a peace. It would merely fetch and carry between the Governments, reporting progress when progress had been made. M. Thomas proposes, in the "Daily Chronicle," that there should be some such body, but that it should be formed by Allied statesmanship, and should occupy itself with defining the peace terms of the Allies. There is no reason why it should not also communicate with the enemy. In earlier wars, notably in the Seven Years' War, means of "keeping touch" with belligerents were rarely lacking. They have been conspicuously wanting to the world in this the hour of its sorest need. But if at this stage we decline a Conference or a Committee of Reference, we cannot—save on the theory of the "knock-out blow," pursued to the exclusion of all intervening offers of peace, good or bad—deny to Austria some general statement of terms, of basic conditions. They might be refused in principle. Or they might be accepted as the ground of further negotiations, which might then continue. To refuse everything—Conference, Committee, statement—and push blindly on to the most savage and desolating stage of the war, is to do a great wrong to the cause of humanity, and a greater wrong to our own.

THE MEANING OF THE AUSTRIAN NOTE.

MR. BALFOUR has much too hastily described the Austrian peace note as "cynical," and he based this description of the document on the fact that it followed hard after what was certainly the truculent, and quite possibly the cynical speech of Herr von Payer. That is a very quick judgment on a matter on which admittedly Mr. Balfour has no sure information. Virtually, he admits that his opinion is a guess, and he must recognize the vital importance of establishing on the best evidence at our disposal whether it was or was not too hasty to be accurate.

The assumption upon which his judgment rested was that the move, if not the terms of the Note itself, had been fully concerted between Germany and her Ally. He assumed that the German and the Austrian authorities in consultation had decided that the Note should be sent, and had agreed upon the terms of peace which they would offer to the Entente. He assumed that these terms of peace on which Austria and Germany had agreed were those recently put forward by Herr von Payer. It was another case of "parallel action." The Germans have fixed the terms, and the Austrians are endeavoring to inveigle us into a conference, by accepting which we should implicitly at least, accept the impossible terms of Herr von Payer as a basis of discussion. It was, in short, a peace-trap.

Now these assumptions are large and important. It is true that, even if they could be taken for granted, they ought not to exercise any influence upon our official treatment of the Note. That is a matter of political strategy which should be judged and decided objectively. But the psychological factor enters in. If the Government and the public are already convinced that the Note is merely a cunning snare, or, in Mr. Balfour's phrase, "a cynical attempt to divide the Allies," their conviction will not fail to determine the nature of their reply. Therefore, they must not allow their judgment to be confused by the tom-toms of malevolent Jingoism. Mr. Balfour must, unless he is himself more cynical than the cynicism he denounces, examine his assumptions. If he does so, he will find that there is a grave probability that he is wrong.

At the very outset the bare facts admit of an utterly different interpretation. Even if we grant that it is inconceivable that Austria should have acted in this matter in complete independence of Germany, as indeed we do, we should have learnt by past experience that precisely in this vital matter of peace, Austria is accustomed to act very largely on her own initiative and with her own aims. The letter to Prince Sixtus is the cardinal example. But there is another, more recent and less familiar. It was largely owing to the independent action of the Emperor Carl that the German plan of punishing "the faithless Hohenzollern" on the Roumanian throne was frustrated. It was Carl who anticipated the militarist dictation of terms to Roumania by sending secretly one of his aides-de-camp, Colonel Randa, to the King of Roumania, to advise him to make peace while there was yet time, and offering to secure him his throne. All that the Germans were told of this episode was that the King of Roumania had communicated with Carl. Germany first learnt what Carl had replied from the columns of a New York paper four months later, when the King of Roumania was already saved from the puerile Hohenzollern vengeance.

These facts are now proven. They show that all we have a right to assume in the present case is that Austria informed Germany of her intention to make another move for peace. In all probability Germany endeavored to dissuade her, by means which official Germany knows best how to apply. Though one might accept the view that the unanimous expression of surprise and annoyance in the German Press was largely the result of official instruction, it is impossible to believe that, for instance, the "Berliner Tageblatt" was acting under orders. The German Government may have been prepared for the Note; but the public Germany, as a whole, disapproved of it, and considered the move mistaken when it came. And the reason why a really pacific organ like the "Berliner Tageblatt" considered the Note mistaken was that Herr von Payer's speech had intervened, for the "Tageblatt" knows that the Entente will never consent to conclude peace on Herr von Payer's terms. Thus another assumption and a different reading of the facts is possible. It is vastly more probable than Mr. Balfour's assumption of cynicism. It is this. At the conference between the two Emperors at German Headquarters on August 14th, the Austrian Emperor wrung the reluctant consent from the German authorities to his plan of sending a peace Note. Germany consented on condition that the Note contained no mention of terms. But immediately before the Note was dispatched, Herr von Payer was put up or allowed to make a speech which destroyed the effect of the Austrian Note, and exposed her Ally to exactly that charge of knavish double-dealing which Mr. Balfour has so hastily brought against her.

The probability of this view becomes almost a certainty when we examine the known facts of the Austro-German Conference of August 14th. There is no doubt that on this occasion the differences between Germany and Austria on the Polish question became acute in the extreme. Germany went behind the back of Austria, and made an attempt to come to a direct agreement with the Polish activist leaders, Ronikier and Radziwill, by which an independent Congress Poland was to be established in close military and economic alliance with Germany. The subject was discussed with the Polish representatives at Headquarters on the two days before the arrival of the Emperor Carl. The Poles were dismissed, so that they should have no chance of meeting him. On the day the discussion between the Emperors began inspired reports made their appearance in the

German Press to the effect that a complete agreement had been, or was likely to be reached, by which Austria consented to drop the Austro-Polish solution, and in return was to have the privilege of placing an Austrian archduke on the new Polish throne. This report was immediately and repeatedly denied by Vienna. From the conflicting evidence, it gradually emerged that Austria had probably been forced to drop the Austro-Polish solution, because Germany insisted in the event of this solution on annexing a large part of Congress Poland—a fourth partition of Poland which would not only make the incorporation of Poland with Galicia under the Austrian throne impossible, but involve the breaking of the pledges certainly given by the Emperor Carl to the Poles of the Reichsrat when in March he guaranteed the integrity of Congress Poland. On the other hand, Austria had refused the German solution of the Polish question, knowing that it had little or no support among the Polish people, and that to acquiesce in it would involve the perpetual opposition of the Poles of Galicia. Shortly afterwards, Herr von Payer informed the leaders of the Reichstag parties that Germany had no intention of giving Austria any compensation for her abandonment of the Austro-Polish solution.

Herr von Payer, on this occasion, was speaking with his book. The compensation had been given. Austria had received permission to make her peace *démarche*. But to him fell the task of making that compensation negligible and worthless. The Austrian Note solves the problem of his recent speech. For the moment, until the news of the Austrian Note arrived, the sudden discrepancy in tone between Herr von Payer's speech and that of Dr. Solf's was inexplicable. The sudden return to truculence might have been intelligible had the military situation of Germany improved in the interval. Instead, it had further deteriorated. The breaking of the Drocourt-Quéant line had intervened. It was therefore an unaccountable speech. It could serve no good abroad, and therefore, *a fortiori*, could serve no good at home. At the moment the only possible explanation of its blank refusal to submit the Eastern settlement to an international revision of any kind was that Herr von Payer was so acutely conscious that the Hertling-Payer régime was nearing its end, and that he had grown careless and desperate, and, with a disregard of principle of which he had already shown many signs in office, was making an appeal for the support of the Right. With the Austrian Note the answer to the riddle was made plain. His speech could hardly have been made for any purpose but that of defeating the Austrian peace move. The reason why the move must be defeated is also clear.

With her enforced acceptance of the German veto on the Austro-Polish solution, Austria's last vestige of interest in maintaining the peace which the German military autocracy dictated to Russia has disappeared. It has now become not only a term of peace which she is willing to accept, but one of her real war-aims that the German Eastern settlement should be completely revised by the Entente. Perhaps even in her dreams she does not go so far as to imagine that the Entente would support her in carrying through the Austro-Polish solution, although we believe that the direct interests of the Entente do in fact demand it. The real counter-move to Berlin-Baghdad is the creation of a federal Austria to hold Danzig-Trieste in the way, as we profoundly hope, such a line will be held under the League of Nations, not by annexing Prussian Danzig to the Austrian-Slav federation, but by securing complete freedom of trade through the Baltic port. But if to the perpetual jeopardy of the world's peace the Entente

rejects this policy, it is still to the interest of Austria that the Brest peace should be annulled. She can only suffer by the aggrandizement of Germany in the East, which is as a net drawn tightly about her. The conflict of interests between Germany and Austria is now become vital. Austria is, as we believe, in her inmost heart ready, even anxious, for a clean peace, ready to be reformed in accordance with the principles which we profess at the peace conference. In her present hands, Germany does not accept a clean peace. Therefore, the Austrian Note gives us an unparalleled opportunity of bringing a just settlement nearer if we point out that we should be ready to close with the offer so soon as the complete restoration of Belgium, the submission of the Brest Treaties to international revision, and the admission that Alsace-Lorraine is an international question have been proclaimed by Germany. Thus we shall at once show the German people why and by whom they are forced to fight on till ultimate defeat, and Austria, that we aim not at her dismemberment, but at her revivification on a basis of complete justice to her nationalities.

STATE BANK OR MONEY TRUST?

In the discussion of all plans of economic reconstruction, the crucial issue is that of the supply and direction of capital. The resources of nature will be unimpaired, labor-power, though decimated by the war, will not be seriously lacking. But will the sources of saving and the direction of credit be adequate to the needs of the situation? Whatever ultimate arrangements are made for apportioning the cost of the restoration of Belgium, France, and Serbia, a good deal of the immediate finance must be provided by Great Britain. Great sums will be required for the expensive housing, electrification, road-making, educational and other projects of improvement to which our Government is actually or virtually committed. The repair of the wastage of the fabric of our manufacturing, transport, and commercial system, and the replacement of depleted stocks in the various stages of industry, must also make large calls upon new capital. Finally, the needs of a greatly expanding export trade in order to make good the shrinkage in interest from our foreign investments will make a considerable demand upon our financial system.

The successful performance of all these difficult tasks turns upon the operation and control of that liquid form of capital known as credit. Now, of the four great demands we have cited, the two first involve directly public obligations, and the two others are so deeply implicated with issues of employment, wages, prices, and public safety, that it is impossible for any Government to leave them indifferently to the play of private business ventures. Yet this latter solution is apparently the one that commends itself to our great bankers. Unrivalled opportunities of financial profiteering present themselves. Current taxation, however high, cannot furnish cash funds for the restorative and developmental work which the Government will have to undertake. Our own and the various foreign Governments, it is anticipated, must have recourse to the banks and other private financial channels for advancing the money they will require, while the manufacturers and traders of the world will remain in tighter dependence than ever upon the money firms which produce and direct the supply and the price of the wherewithal. When will business men and politicians have the common sense and courage to confront the realities of this situation, in which the whole

security of the economic system of this country and the world is seen to lie at the mercy of a few small groups of financial firms in the money centres, whose first obligations are to their own pockets and to those of their shareholders? Until comparatively recent times, the supply of money was everywhere a State function. Only in late years, by the development of the cheque system, has it passed into the hands of private profiteers.

It may be true that to the enterprize of modern bankers is attributable much of the improvement that has taken place in the economy of money and the more fruitful flow of capital. But the costs and risks involved in this money power are now quite evident. So long as moneylenders staked their own resources in the loans and advances, though their terms might sometimes be oppressive, borrowers were hardly in a position to complain. They had got themselves into difficulties, and must get out as best they can. Moreover, where moneylenders were in active competition borrowers had a safeguard against excessive usury. But the modern moneylenders, banks, are in a very different situation. Their loans and advances are in the normal course of trade: all businesses must make use of credit facilities. The money they loan is not their own, for the most part it is not even their customers', it is a paper product of their own manufacture built upon the insufficient basis of their own small capital and their customers' deposits. The insufficiency of this basis is attested by the fact that the State is obliged to protect them against bankruptcy when their profiteering structure is put to the test of a financial crisis.

The plea, therefore, so confidently urged by the Chairmen of our great joint-stock banks, that the State should continue to sanction their process of amalgamation and to allow them to manage the credit of the nation for their increasing private gain, can hardly commend itself to the intelligence of business men who are not themselves bank shareholders. Sir Edward Holden, an exceedingly able man, no doubt made the best defence of the position that could possibly be made in the meeting of shareholders of his bank last week. But his assertion that the process of amalgamation, which has already gone so far that 85 per cent. of the deposit business of this country is in six banks, involves no danger to effective competition, is essentially incredible. Both he and Sir Herbert Hambling scoff at "the bugbear" of a "Money Trust," or the prospect of any real monopoly in the Money Market. The perils which to the recent Committee on Bank Amalgamation seemed very substantial, of interlocking directorates and rings, are ridiculed by them as idle scare-words. "We cannot," says Sir Edward, "have interlocking directorates in this country, because it is against the practice of the banks for a director of one English bank to be a director of another English bank. The banks are against rings. This bank particularly is against rings, and in no circumstances would we be induced to go into one." Is this convincing? Business men, however conservative, have been known to change "the practice" if it is sufficiently profitable to do so. Sir Edward has no power to bind *in perpetuum* even the policy of his own bank. Sir Herbert Hambling states more naively the reason against a formal banking ring, or a complete amalgamation, when he remarks that "bankers would hesitate at any action which would provide an adequate excuse for State intervention." He thinks that the continued existence of "five independent institutions" will be ample security for effective competition and against State intervention.

Now, this is nonsense, not even specious nonsense. There is not an atom of likelihood that the net earnings or profitableness of amalgamation will be exhausted

when the sacred number five is reached. It will be evidently profitable for the five to act in harmony. If they prefer, as they may, to avoid the formal unity of a trust or ring, they will have recourse to "a gentleman's agreement," or to some other informal way of concealing common action. It is clear that if there is any department of business activity where real economy demands a single responsible national system, it is the provision of credit. The real issue, therefore, which clearly stands out, is not how artificially to maintain a competition already seen to be inadequate for the gain of a branch of private capitalism which in times of peril cannot stand on its own legs but calls on the Government for a helping hand. The lesson of the recent development of banking points to the plain alternatives of a private or a public monopoly. The respective merits of these alternatives will stand out more clearly than ever when the finance of reconstruction is closely confronted. For the question will stand thus: Shall we pay enormous sums in interest and sinking funds to profiteering bankers for manufacturing the credit and the paper certificates which in the last resort we have to guarantee out of the public resources, or shall we save all the costs and risks of this proceeding by using those resources ourselves for the issue and direction of such credit as is necessary? The nationalization of banking will be recognized as a prime requisite of national economy and of national security in the immediate future. The risks of abusing the credit-making power are not greater for Governments than for banking firms, and can be better watched and guarded against.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I HAVE had the opinions of many moderate and representative men on the form of the American reply to the Austrian Note. Without an exception, they deplored it. The attachment to America's view of the peace is not shaken here. All the more do those who most warmly accept it regret the extreme haste of this rejoinder. How can it be justified? Peace cannot be made on the *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, of any Power. But Austria had offered a general acceptance of the Wilson terms, subject to consideration. On what theory is this advance—respectful and almost pleading in tone—turned down? That it was a manœuvre, concocted with Germany—the Germany of the von Payer speech? Then the only conceivable object must have been to draw the Allies into the "trap" of a hostile and uncompromising reply, so that the rulers could turn to their disgruntled folk and say: "You see what it is. You must fight to the death, for your foes are implacable." Much the same effect follows if the offer was a genuine *cri de cœur*. Austria's appeal is rebuffed, and she is denied even the grace of courtesy accorded to a supplicant. What resource has she but to turn again to arms and her German master? Mr. Balfour's reply has been criticized; still it was a reasoned one, and just left the door ajar.

THE truth is that on the occasions when opinion on the war can be put to a serious test, it is found to be moderate, and if Mr. George will think

less of being a great politician and more of becoming a great man, he may yet, by skilful suggestion, lead the country on a path of gradual accommodation, and at the right moment disclose the peace it desires. He has the power to effect this process of culture; probably no other living man has. Would it be resented? I think not. For while the newspapers boast, the heart suffers. Death strikes everywhere; barely a home escapes. Mr. Balfour, the childless man, claims to speak for "our children and our children's children." I suppose he means my children and other people's children. While battles are won or lost, they perish by the thousand, or return half-men to make some poor composition with living. To the people this is what the war means; not power-balances, or titles, or the sense of elation; while peace, the despised and condemned, comes to them as the ransom of all this lost or imperilled affection. Men and women live not for ideas, but for life. Judge, then, if they rejoice when half the sweetness is drawn from the cup, and taken for what end they know not.

Or take a political test. The other day a candidate was adopted with acclamation for a northern constituency by a Liberal Council with a large Labor element. His programme, expounded with much frankness, consisted of the following ten "points": (1) The military defeat of Germany, but no crushing of the German people; (2) no boycott of Germany after the war; (3) the use of the diplomatic weapon to detach the German people from militarism; (4) no economic warfare or protection; (5) a League of Nations as a preventive of war; (6) a reduction of armaments as a result of the establishment of the League; (7) in any case, the nationalization of the armaments industry; (8) no conscription after the war; (9) freedom of speech and of the Press; (10) control of foreign policy by Parliament. I may add that, in addition to the support of the workmen, my friend had the vote of the discharged soldiers and the women.

The phantom of the election stays with us, and yet comes no nearer. The parties half-heartedly prepare for it, and only half-believe in it. Their machines—Liberal, Tory, Labor—are equally hostile. There is no issue; the registers are bad; the military vote will not be effective; and the Irish result can only be mischievous. Nor is any force very definitely aligned. An attempt was made, with two notable intermediaries, to secure an arrangement between the Prime Minister and Labor. It has not succeeded, and is not likely to succeed. A similar effort to make terms with the Liberals has had the same fate. Nor, judging by Mr. George's speech in Manchester, does he feel himself free to start a programme of reconstruction. His phrasing was little more than an advertisement in advance; a series of headlines, with no following article. Here one seems to divine the Tory resistance to a spanking Georgian propaganda. How can that be broken down? Toryism may be a little more fluid than of yore, but the bedrock of Anglican sentiment does not yield, and a firm and powerful party still says "No" to Welsh Disestab-

lishment. So Mr. George's answer is to ridicule the party mind and to throw a dexterous fly in the Liberal direction. But no masterly "stunt" is here.

Not only the Ministry of Food but the Civil Service in general has been much moved by Mr. Wintour's retirement. Mr. Clynes must expect to be much weakened on the administrative side; there are not two Wintours, and his successor hardly replaces him. He has accomplished one or two feats of great brilliancy. He is now put in a corner in which such achievements are out of the question. Why? The answer is not satisfactory. The Civil Service has been a wonderful asset in the conduct of the war; it has answered to every demand made upon it; and during the present régime has had scant recognition, small thanks, and many rebuffs. It was not so handled under the rule of Mr. Asquith; the remembrance of that most considerate reign was never keener than it is to-day.

THE coal shortage is no bogey: its menace is, if anything, graver to-day than a month ago. The facts lie within a small compass. The Government insisted on taking 75,000 men from the mines. The understanding was that about 50,000 should be returned when the need arose. So far as some districts are concerned, it has not been observed. The miners have not yet come back in their proper quota; and those who have been returned belong largely to Grade II. and Grade III. In other words, they can only be used for surface work; therefore their recall hardly affects the output. There is no excuse for this error. The danger of a fall in the production of coal was the text of incessant warnings addressed to the men who finally disregarded them. Now the nation and her Allies must pay. But at least it has a right to require full redemption of promises very explicitly made to it.

THE leaves fall fast. In a single week Lord Nicholson, Lord Robson, and Sir Samuel Evans have left us. Lord Nicholson was known chiefly to the Army: he was Lord Haldane's most efficient helper in the work of reorganization and intellectual revival. Lord Robson and Sir Samuel Evans belonged to the wider societies of law and politics. In his day Lord Robson was as finished a speaker as one would want to hear. Easy, rapid, dexterous, a competent and accurate thinker, his conduct of an argument (he excelled, I remember, in the statement of the Free Trade case) was as near a work of art as Parliamentary speaking can be. "Sam" Evans's speaking was a little more and a little less of an achievement. He was witty and bold (I recall a shocking anti-suffrage speech); on occasions a skilful obstructionist; able to master almost any subject (including law) to which he took a fancy. It was prophesied of him that he would never make a judge: he became an excellent one. His conduct of divorce cases was criticised, perhaps because it was human; but his management of the Prize Court was admittedly a great *tour de force*. He remained a simple and unaffected man, on a scale of bigness, who spoke what he thought, and usually much to the point.

A RURAL comment on the war: "We talks o' fightin' to the last man; and they talks o' spendin' the last drop o' blood. Too much finish about it for me."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

METAPHOR IN POLITICS.

Most language is metaphor. But the "roots" of metaphor have withered so long ago that they do not count for much. It is quite otherwise with the conventional images which we employ in speculation and in speech about the high affairs of human life and conduct. Are we aware, for example, of the extent to which that mixture of feeling and reflection which we term politics is affected by the subtle and profound suggestions which words convey? Even such familiar phrases as "a stream of tendency," or "the current of events," or "the tide of time" carry a note of fatality that may serve to weaken human effort. Victor Hugo has a great picture of the Revolution as a tidal ocean, with a will of its own, in which no man, not even the greatest, was more than a wave momentarily rising above the surface again to be sucked back into the waste of waters. Such images and the temper of thought and emotion that go with them we apply almost instinctively to the catastrophic events in history. The imagination, stunned by the sudden break-up of our familiar world, readily conceives this war in its likeness to a convulsion of Nature, a storm, an earthquake, a mighty avalanche, or, keeping to the river analogue, sees the ship of State borne helplessly down the rapids to the cataract. To others, less fatalistic in their outlook, it appears an explosion of inflammable materials which the culpability of rulers had assembled and to which an incendiary Power had put the match. Nor are these lacking those to whom this, as other wars, presents itself as a "medicine," a "purge" of the torpor, ease, congested luxury, "materialism" of a prolonged peace, or as a surgical operation necessary to remove a dangerous growth in the body politic. Others, again, view it as a wild debauch into which humanity has plunged from sheer recklessness, or as a fit of collective insanity. Now, without attributing to such images a complete domination of our minds, we must recognize a potent and a subtle influence for the interpretation of events. Since many of the most vivid images are taken from our simple experiences of inanimate Nature, they carry insensibly some suffering of the sense of human responsibility and control. Not a few "great men" have suffered from that sort of megalomania which sees a particular destiny directing their career.

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my story,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more."

Or take the still more famous mirage, fragments of which have forced themselves into our common speech—and thought.

"This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do."

Such analogies, woven into our thinking and feeling about life, are sometimes deemed to contribute to a philosophic temper. Perhaps they do, if they are wanted to correct an excessive confidence in us to mould our life according to our own desires. But among contemplative minds they are likely to curb unduly the sense of personal liberty and to feed a crippling indolence. It cannot be a matter of indifference whether a statesman turns for his conception of his State, or its Constitution, to the image of a building, or a machine, a woven fabric, a tree, an animal, a conscious human being. Think what mischief has been wrought in international relations by conceiving them in terms of mechanics or astronomy. That "foul idol," as Bright called "the balance of power," has exercised a fearful influence over its worshippers, and the vision of States floating in the void and attracted

from their natural course into some hostile "orbit of diplomacy" has not helped to humanize the intercourse of nations. The very word "State" lays a dead hand upon the human will to change.

Even the constitutional teaching of so great an exponent as Burke suffered insensibly from the inadequacy of all metaphors taken over from lower regions of activity. No one knew better, of course, that a Constitution is not an edifice. Indeed, his more familiar images are of a tree, growing at its own proper pace and in its predetermined shape, but growing; or of a heritage, to be cherished, preserved, and improved by succeeding generations. But indicting the assailants of the French constitution Burke uses the language, "Your constitution, it is true, whilst you were in possession, suffered waste and dilapidation; but you possessed in some parts the walls, and in all the foundations of a noble and venerable castle. You might have repaired those walls, you might have built upon those old foundations." And so, again and again, he returns to his building image in expounding "the science of government," how "it is with infinite caution that any man ought to venture upon pulling down an edifice which has answered in any tolerable degree for ages the common purpose of society, or of building it up again, without having models and patterns of approved utility before his eyes."

Equally defective is that language which presents politics in terms of chemical comfomers or mechanical adjustments. The presentation of an organized party as a "machine" is a terrible commentary upon the evil dominion which mechanism has exercised upon the spirit of our age. Until we can raise our conception of politics to the terms of the fine arts, and pour into them the free creative energy which by common consent belongs to such arts, we are lacking in the faith necessary to do great works. It cannot really suffice to present to ourselves the community of national interest in terms of chemistry, holding that "interests are mixed and fused together, so that something which may roughly be called the general interest is compounded out of them." If we imagine our political or economic institutions as buildings, we shall be over-fearful of "sapping their foundations": if as trees, of pruning them excessively or trying to "force their growth": if as machinery, of "thrusting a ramrod" into its delicate apparatus. All such metaphors over-emphasize the rightful and necessary holds of custom and tradition upon us and help to conceal the vital fact that these institutions are essentially instruments and expressions of the conscious co-operative will of man.

It may be held that we exaggerate the actual influence of language, and that, after all, the very instances we cite do commonly enforce some important element of truth. There is a sense in which a constitution is a building, a tree, an organism, and some of the lower laws do control or limit higher operations. Yet instances are not wanting in which some fatal misunderstanding is couched in metaphor. Perhaps one of the most striking is the judgment of a really great German statesman, von Humboldt, in defending the seizure of Alsace from France: "Cession of strong places and territories is a fate to which all States are liable: it is a painful wound, but it skins over and is at last forgotten." Here, no doubt, is an element of truth, but also a larger element of dangerous error.

The general conclusions we are disposed to draw from these reflections upon the use of metaphor are two. In the first place, taken as they are, and must be, from lower and more distinctively physical spheres, these images disparage the self-control of man as ruler of his destiny, and by lessening his self-confidence induce him to submit too much to tradition and environment. They tend towards fatalism, nationalism, conservatism. Secondly, the light which modern psychology throws upon the part which words play in processes of suggestion and association of ideas warrants the opinion that we are, far more deeply than we recognize, the bond-slaves of these suggestive images. Among the many wars of liberation which peace should bring should be the struggle to free the conscious fine-art of political creation from this bondage.

CLEON'S CONVERSION.

[A phantasy after reading "Cleon: a Demagogue of 2,000 years ago." Compiled by Eupolis, Jr., and published by C. W. Daniel, 1s. net.]

A Scene in Hades. The shades of Aristophanes and Thucydides are discovered seated side by side. To them enters the shade of Cleon.

CLEON:

Who's this infernal Eupolis they say
Drags me again into the light of day?
Two thousand years and more since I was born,
But still the finger of superior scorn
Points at me as the upstart politician,
Half-wily, witching, flattering magician,
Half-bawling, shrieking, blustering demagogue,
Howling the moon like some brass-throated dog.
What if I did make leather boots, before
I rose from cobbler to solicitor
And thence to statesman? Boots are useful things.
Solicitors are met in social rings,
Statesmen command as many bribes as kings.
I wasn't a bad fellow in my time,
But charged with every folly, every crime,
I'm always dug out from the shades of hell
When some poor scribbler wants a parallel
For each new climber.

ARISTOPH.

Here's the man who ruined all,
Killed the olive and the vine,
Hushed the lonely shepherd's call,
Spilt the honey, spoilt the wine;
Where the sweet Ilyssus flowed,
Turned the water into blood;
Where the merry charcoal glowed,
Quenched it with a deathly flood;
But for him we should have seen
Many a maid and lovely boy
Dancing on the festal green,
When the sky was full of joy,
And through all a sunshine day
The wind walked across the land,
Blowing to Phaleron Bay
From Ægina's purple strand;
But for him we should have bred
Younglings worthy of the race,
Six foot high from heel to head,
Pliant fennel-rods for grace;
Not with bulging lumps of muscle
As the Spartan conscripts grow;
To distinguish them's a puzzle,
All like broomsticks in a row;
Where has now the beauty fled?
Who of all that joy bereft us?
Some were maimed, and some lay dead,
Only bones and crutches left us;
Some were scattered o'er the earth,
Ask the deserts and the sky;
But the best came not to birth,
Ask the widowed virgins why;
And if you would learn the story
How we lost our violet crown,
And the universe its glory,
When our city crumbled down,
Ask the man who to the peace
Screamed his never-ending No;
Ask this bloody broom of Greece,
Hero of the knock-out blow!

CLEON:

You poet chaps always go on like this;
It's you who prompted that young Eupolis;
Domestic comfort is your only cry
—Garlic, and drink, and wantonness; but I
Was not the man to let our Empire fail
Because a poet whined for cakes and ale:
Besides, I subsidized the poor with rations,
And let the profiteers pursue their passions.

THUCYD.

There was a city once was planted high
On granite crags between dark sea and sky,
Loved of the gods, whose gleaming temples stood
Columned in whiteness, thick as a sacred wood,
And loved of all her people, as a man
May love a mistress; from her heart began
A stream of beauty, quickening all the earth,
Incomparable, exultant; and the birth
Of wisdom made her mother of the wise
In every age. With unafraid eyes
She watched the barbaric host crawl through her land,
Burning those ancient homes; then raised her hand,
Struck twice and shattered; in adventurous strength
She ruled the sea, from Asia all the length
To the ocean's limit; glad was then mankind
To dwell beside her, for she knew their mind,
And gave them freedom, as she freely gave
To all her citizens freedom, so to brave
Laws and opinions, if they chanced to hold
Some better way of living than the old.
Thus she became upon a generous plan
The school of Hellas and the school of man;
And from her body issued forth a race
Alert, high-hearted, all in every place
Sufficient to themselves and versatile.
There was a statesman guided her the while
With a light hand, as a good horseman rides,
Gladdening the noble creature whom he guides.
He passed; and close behind this brawler came,
From throat of thunder breathing threats of flame,
Bringing the curse of bloodlust on the State,
Dooming the guiltless to a common fate
With all the guilty in the atrocious strife,
Refusing thought of peace, refusing life
To thousands of our sons, when peace was there
Just for the taking; sniffing out a snare
In every step to honorable peace
Which might have joined the whole sweet world of Greece
Into one lasting League to save the world
From barbarous ruin.

But what form is hurled
Hither among the shades from Heaven's far height,
As falls the thunderbolt through depths of night?

HERMES, arriving hurriedly:

Lo! I am Hermes, messenger of God;
With winged feet I tread the familiar road,
Conducting souls down to their last abode.
But now on other errand am I here,
For I would call on someone to appear,
Willing to take that upward path again,
And visit light and haunts of living men;
And there is need of haste, for savage war
Threatens to desolate mankind once more
Through countless ages, spreading from the lands
Of furthest Europe down to Afric's sands,
And where old Asia breeds her varied horde,
And out to Hesperid regions unexplored.
Therefore I call some soul who once has known
War's bitter curse, and in himself has shown
Wisdom that guides into the way of peace
To rise again and give the world release,
Lest all mankind should vanish, and the sun
Stare on an empty world and all things done.

ARISTOPH.

Where's the man who now will venture? Where's the
champion of the race?
Pry and search in every corner! Let him show himself
apace!
Who's the man has heart to venture up into the world
again,
See the priests deceiving women, see the women fooling
men,
See the prophets profiteering, and informers growing
stout,
See god-servers kept in prison, and the sycophants let
out,

Hear the mob deriding wisdom, hear it crack the
speaker's bones
At the word of peace or freedom, storm the stage with
sticks and stones,
Hear the hypocrites orating, hear the politicians roar,
Hear the claptrap and the fustian, when the Cleons yell
for war!
Who will volunteer? Who venture? He shall have for
his reward
Half a wine-jar mixed with honey, and ten figs upon a
cord
— Liquid wine and dripping honey—and some real
brown olives too,
Wheaten bread, with oil upon it, and a pig in onion
stew,
And besides, to crown his courage, when the lights of
evening glow,
He shall see a real live woman, just for half an hour
or so.
Who will risk it? Who will venture? Who's the peace-
maker to go?

THUCYD.:

Cleon, I well remember in old days
You sometimes dared to tread the perilous ways
Where others stumbled, and that once you claimed
A victory which the man whom you defamed
Had won already when you took his place,
With envious heart hid in a traitor's face.
If you have courage, here's another chance
Of stepping to the breach. It would enhance
Your popularity should you but cause to cease
Man's suicidal madness, and to peace
Gave such a victory as you gave to war.
You'd have to change the note we heard of yore,
But change to you comes easy. Up, then, go!
When you return, if you succeed or no,
You still can cry as once, "I told you so!"

ARISTOPH.:

O Cleon! hear the suppliant cry,
Great Cleon, cure the woes of man,
Be gentle, be forgiving!
Oh, save creation, you who can,
And for the time that you're away
I'll swear it's not so bad to die,
For, without you throughout the day,
Life is in Hades, one might say,
Almost as good as living.

CLEON:

Well, I consent, then; for I can't endure
These taunts and paltry parallels. I'm sure
I'll somewhere catch a man maligned like me,
Called just as faithless, thought as prone to be
As vain, as flighty, as imperious too,
Surrounded by the same obsequious crew
Of small officials, whom he has to pay
An extra obol now and then per day.
I'll shout the heavenly message, make him hear
Something of peace—an unaccustomed word
To me who clamored still for fire and sword.
Now, Hermes, what's the proper thing to do?
To find that person all depends on you.

HERMES:

Hush! Quick! Be silent! Just give me your hand!
I'll whisk you off to a far-distant land.
The very person's there. Come! Let us go!
I'll just insert your soul in him, and so
No one will tell the difference. Then he'll wake,
And you'll begin, and each occasion take
To talk of peace and peace and peace for ever—
Peace chat, peace prattle, peace offensive—never
Must you relax till all his friends agree
To shut him in a madhouse, or to see
That, after all, peace has her blessings, too,
Though far less advantageous to the few.

ARISTOPH.:

Good-bye, Cleon dear! So long!
Now he's off, we'll tread a measure,

Mingled with alternate song,
Great historian, for pleasure
That the world may still be fair,
Though the demagogue is there.

Change of heart is change of will;
Hark! The bells of peace are ringing!
Peace and home are lovely still;
Hark! The sweet birds how they're singing!
Youth and hope in every land
Follow singing hand-in-hand.

THUCYD.:

Where is wisdom, peace shall reign;
Where is freedom, never chain
Binds the thought and word divine,
Frustrating the god's design;
Slow has been the upward way
Man has trod, but here to-day
Firm he stands upon the track,
Steadfast, and shall not go back.

ARISTOPH.:

Then come let us sing, let us sing the glad story
Of Cleon's conversion from shame into glory
For changing his parallel back from a Tory,
Creating a dove from an eagle so gory,
And re-filling with youth a quick spirit turned hoary!
He's filling the world with a joy fresh as dew,
And planting a life in the old and the new;
So when he returns to the realm of the dead,
We'll give him three cheers—one cheer for each head
Of the three-headed Dog, and we'll think no more evil
Of Cleon or statesmen or Spartans or devil.

Letters to the Editor.

A SOLDIER ON PEACE BY NEGOTIATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. C. Mackintosh, of the "Melbourne Argus," a member of the Overseas Press Delegation, recently returned from a visit to the Australian Headquarters at the Front, is reported in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of the 14th inst. to have uttered as follows to a Press representative:—"I don't think even the most pacifist individual would babble of peace by negotiation if he could see the appalling ruin the war has brought to the French countryside." He is further stated to have expressed disappointment that the military situation prevented the possibility of visiting the French and British fronts.

I have the advantage of the representative of the "Melbourne Argus" in that, like some millions of others, so far from preventing me from visiting the British front, the military situation has required me to see most of it from Ypres to Cambrai. I have lived on it for nearly three years. I have even taken a humble share in holding it for thirty-three months. The appalling ruin of the French countryside is well known to me, some of it was even the work of my own guns.

And yet, peace by negotiation seems to me not only a possibility but, under certain conditions, highly desirable, and even, at some stage of the war, an essential method of terminating hostilities. This must appear strange, and possibly contemptible, to Mr. Mackintosh. But the remnant of those who were contemptible in the eyes of the apostle of the Gospel of "Might is Right," are not without honor in their own country.

Why is Mr. Mackintosh so scornful of those who "babble of peace by negotiation"? Is it merely because he believes that a just peace cannot at any stage, or under any circumstances, be obtained by negotiation? I suggest that this is a matter of opinion—and even of investigation. Or is it because, having seen a part of France devastated, he wishes to see a part of Germany devastated too? Is it perhaps because he feels that, since we are accumulating the necessary might to ruin German towns and villages, it is therefore right that we should do so, even if a just and lasting peace could be obtained by other means?

Possibly it has not occurred to Mr. Mackintosh that before we can bring ruin to the German countryside, we must of necessity bring it upon hundreds of square miles of France and Belgium, which have not as yet been subjected to it, and that

by negotiation such a disaster might be spared to those tortured countries. It may even be that he imagines that all the destruction is carried out by the Germans. Had he seen some of the Somme villages when the British Army first reached them in 1916, and watched our guns reduce them, of necessity, to dust and ashes, he would not be of that opinion.

It is the object of war to impose the will of one nation upon another. It is the business of the soldier to place the statesman in such a position that he can attain that object. It is the part of the statesman to realize when he is in that position, and to make use of it to save his own country and others from unnecessary ruin.

It is because I, as a soldier, saw so much of that ruin and realize how it must spread all over Europe if we are to dictate peace in Berlin and Vienna—and Moscow, that, as a citizen, I "babble of peace by negotiation." Having seen Ypres and Arras in ruins, I confess it would give me no pleasure to see Cologne and Mainz in the same condition, especially as to reach them would involve the destruction of Brussels and Strasburg. There may be good reasons against a peace by negotiation at any particular moment. Mr. Mackintosh appears to oppose the idea at any time, and his reason does not seem to me to be a good one. But then, I am only one of those millions who did the actual fighting from 1914 onwards, and who are not supposed to have any opinions, but only expected to go forward blindly, or as blindly as is consistent with the glint of battle in our eyes!—Yours, &c.,

H. J. GILLESPIE, D.S.O., Major late R.F.A.
London, September 15th, 1918.

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

SIR,—In his dissertation on "Civilization," Mr. Havelock Ellis overlooks one definition of civilization which is eminently practical in its application to the present situation. Here it is as I copied it many years ago, I believe from Jules Novikow: "La civilisation n'est autre que cette organisation de la Société, en vertu de laquelle aucun homme ne peut enfreindre impunément le droit de ses semblables," or, in English: "Civilization is only that organization of the community, in virtue of which no man can infringe with impunity the rights of his fellow men."

It will be seen that this definition excludes arbitrary power, whether this takes the shape of the absolute Sovereignty of the State, which sounds exalted, or of Anarchy, which sounds mobish, though in both cases the meaning is identical, e.g., absence or non-recognition of a superior authority.

From this definition our modern world is highly civilized in most of its component parts, but quite uncivilized as a whole, and we have to suffer accordingly.—Yours, &c.,

JOSE WEISS.

Houghton House, Houghton, Sussex.

THE PROTECTION OF THE BLACK RACE.

SIR,—The report of German misrule in South-West Africa, and ruthless suppression of the Herero and Hottentot rebellions in 1904 and 1907, reveals in another aspect the necessity for a League of Nations to protect the black races from such barbarous exploitation. It must powerfully move us towards such a league, not hypocritically forgetting such other indictments as Miss Colenso's "Ruin of Zululand" (followed by the thinning of the Matebele), Conan Doyle's "Crimes of the Congo," the rubber horrors of the South American forests, and recently the report of the suppression of the riots in Ceylon.

Modern civilization must repent of all its crimes if it would be saved; for the policy of the League of Nations cannot be effective unless it possess something of the League of the Kingdom of God.—Yours, &c.,

E. H. V.

September 12th, 1918.

SIR GEORGE CAVE AND THE C.O.'S.

SIR,—On September 9th, a letter from Sir George Cave to Sir W. Howell Davies, M.P., appeared in the press and announced the decision of the authorities with regard to the future treatment of Conscientious Objectors. In this letter the Home Secretary foreshadows the intention of the Government to condemn to perpetual, though modified imprisonment, the 1,300 men who are known as absolutists, as soon as they have completed a preliminary period of two years' hard labour as ordinary felons. I will not here refer to this modern method of persecuting religious and political opinion, but Sir George Cave's letter contains such amazing misstatements of fact, and such cruel insinuations as to the motives which actuate these men, that on behalf of the various national anti-conscription organizations, I cannot allow the Home Secretary's letter to go unchallenged.

Sir George Cave says: "I will point out that these prisoners have, before being called to the colors, failed to satisfy the tribunals of the conscientious character of their professed objection to military service." This statement is

untrue. Large numbers of these particular men were not only recognised by their tribunals as genuine objectors, but were actually given exemption from military service, though the exemption was accompanied by conditions which they could not bring themselves to accept. Scores of young Quakers, some of whom bear historic names, and whose genuineness was never for a moment in question, were offered exemption conditional upon doing "work of national importance," a condition which, contributing as it did, to the organization of the country for war purposes, they felt bound to refuse. Some were even given "absolute" exemption, as provided for in the Military Service Acts, but the "absolute" were subsequently changed by local and appeal tribunals to "conditional" exemption in consequence of certain decisions of the Central Tribunal. These men thereupon refused to accept the new status and were duly arrested and imprisoned. Some abandoned their exemption voluntarily, like Mr. A. Barratt Brown, the Lecturer at the Woodbroke (Quaker) Settlement. Some, like Mr. Corder Catchpole, whose recently published book has been so widely and so favorably reviewed, served with the Friends' Ambulance Unit for a while, or took up land work, until they felt obliged to abandon these activities under the compunction of conscience. Some, like Mr. J. H. Hudson, of Manchester, were offered full exemption, provided they remained in their existing (and pre-war) occupations, but with a scrupulosity which coarser souls cannot understand, they felt unable to accept even this mild condition.

Sir George Cave goes on to make the following mean insinuation with regard to motive: "I do think the fact that these men have repeatedly refused to obey military orders, proves no more than that many of them prefer the quiet safety of prison to the dangers and hardships of military service." How ludicrous, as well as baseless, is this suggestion is proved by the fact that for the absolutist the alternatives were not "the quiet safety of prison" and "the dangers and hardships of military service." Any one of these objectors could have taken up the Home Office Scheme and have been released within a few weeks of his first committal. As a simple matter of fact, many of them were pressed and urged, almost begged, by the Central Tribunal, to accept the scheme and not to stay in prison. Unable to accept conditions which originated in conscription, they endured the refined brutality, the mind and body-killing isolation (called by Sir George Cave "the quiet safety") of prison, and refused the relative comfort and freedom of the Home Office Settlements.

The effect of long prison sentences may be judged from the fact, admitted by the Home Secretary, that he has already been obliged to discharge 139 out of 1,200 men, simply on account of shattered health. Many have been driven insane, many have died, either in prison or directly after release (another during the last week), others have fallen victims of tuberculosis, while we are in possession of, and Sir George Cave has been furnished with, particulars of an additional fifty cases where men are suffering with serious illness without present prospect of release. One such man has been afflicted for months with a discharging tuberculous abscess. He has now been told by the prison doctor that he has developed tuberculous disease of the eye, yet all that happens is that he is thrust into a "tuberculous cell." Most of the discharged men, when they come out of prison, are like persons recovering from a grave and prolonged illness. Many appear to be wrecked for life.

The remaining men, those whose constitutions can stand over two years' hard labor (in some cases they have already served over two and a-half years), are now to be imprisoned in Wakefield Gaol, presumably for the duration of the War, under conditions comparable to internment, with the threat (according to the regulation already issued) of further punishment if they fail to perform their allotted penal tasks. On behalf of these men I have to say that they themselves have never asked or desired any such modified or ameliorated treatment. From them comes one demand, and one only, viz.: absolute exemption or total discharge from prison and the Army. They are unjustly and wrongfully imprisoned, merely because their opinions differ from those of the majority of the nation, but they are prepared to suffer unlimited persecution, if haply they may convince public opinion that, after all, there is a better way of settling your dispute with a fellow-man than by hitting him in the eye or thrusting a bayonet into his entrails.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED SALTER, M.D., J.P.,

Acting Chairman No-Conscription Fellowship,
Chairman of the Joint Advisory Committee of the
Friends' Service Committee, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the No-Conscription Fellowship.

5, Storks Road, Bermondsey, S.E.

"NO NEGOTIATIONS."

SIR,—With reference to the letter of Sir Henry Primrose in your last issue. Is his analysis of the Cecil and Lansdowne Schools sufficiently exhaustive or accurate? According to Sir Henry Primrose, the Cecil School has reached the positive conclusion "that nothing short of utter defeat will induce the German nation to submit to the authority of a world stronger than they" (*sic*).

Is not the Cecil School positive rather than that it cannot be positive of Germany's conversion short of "utter defeat"? There is a world of difference here. I believe the Cecil School would say that Germany might conceivably "submit" short of utter

defeat, but that we cannot be certain of this and we must be certain.

Sir Henry Primrose believes further that if the Lansdowne procedure were followed, no great harm could result. He believes that failure would soon show itself. This seems to me extremely doubtful. Negotiation would probably mean armistice, and a renewal of the struggle once stayed would be difficult from both military and political standpoints—costly, and militarily hurtful to the Entente.

The case of the two schools can be put concisely thus:—

CECIL SCHOOL.

1. Germany can be decisively defeated.
2. Germany, by decisive defeat, can be "converted."
3. Germany can be confined economically, politically and territorially so as to prevent further interruptions, whether she is converted or no.

LANSDOWNE SCHOOL.

1. Germany cannot be decisively defeated.
2. Allowing for the purpose of argument that Germany can be defeated, we cannot achieve a spiritual result by physical means—i.e., conversion by arms.
3. We can by means of Reason convert Germany and induce her to enter the Society of Nations as a partner in internationalism.

The strength of the Cecil position lies in the fact that propositions 1 and 2 appeal as axioms to the mass of men. The average man believes we can defeat Germany and can be sure of her conversion only when she is defeated. The third proposition of the Cecil platform does not, I think, appeal to the mass. Here the average man swings over to the third proposition of the Lansdowne School and looks to the ideal of a League of Nations rather than to the commercialism of hate economics.

It is just possible, I think, that the average compromising man is right rather than either exponent of extremes.—Yours &c.,

N. J. WARE.

12th Canadian Reserve Batt., Witley Camp, Surrey.

P.S.—Now, Sir, to refer to your review of the war situation in the issue of September 7th. I am a Canadian, and I hope not a boastful one. I do not object to your minimization [There is no minimization.—Ed., THE NATION] of the Canadians' share in the Switch victory. That is your own affair. But as far as I can learn, the Canadians did not take Bullecourt, nor did they lose it again and retake it as you imply. The Canadian front was at Hendecourt, just north of Bullecourt, to the Arras-Cambrai road.

MR. ZANGWILL'S PROPHECY.

SIR,—In a recent dramatic criticism of Mr. Zangwill's play, you referred to his prophecy of the War. No better illustration of this can be found than in the following remarkable sentence—written by him years "before the flood":—"In a world full of smouldering prejudices a scrap of paper may start the bonfire." It appears in the "Grandchildren of the Ghetto," Chapter II.—Yours, &c.,

A. B.

THE LATE POLICE STRIKE.

SIR,—I am a little surprised that in all that has been said and written on the recent Police Strike, no mention has been made of an important factor in the situation. This is the fact that the Metropolitan Police are under the bureaucratic management of a Government department, and not—as are all other Police in the country—under the control of the Municipal Authority. Government departments are notoriously careless of public opinion, and consequently very unwilling to change existing conditions, or to move towards any reform unless drastic measures, such as a general strike, compel their belated attention. Municipal bodies, on the other hand, which derive their authority from the popular vote, are at least not so subject to this defect, and as regards the general policy of their Watch Committees are necessarily at once more sensitive and responsive to the definite demands and wishes of the public. It is a further consideration in their favor that they are very much more free from the military or semi-military influences which are almost inseparable from the present bureaucratic administration of the Home Office. It will scarcely be contended that in practical results, in the safe guardianship and protection of the inhabitants, the police under the management of the great municipalities—the City of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, are in any way inferior to the force in the Metropolitan area. There is, indeed, no valid reason why the police in the County of London should not be under the authority of the London County Council in just the same way as the police in the City are under the management of the Common Council. Nor is there, as far as the ordinary person can judge, any reason why the police at Epping or Elstree, at Wimbledon or West Ham, should not be under the respective County or Borough Councils. The essential duty and function of the Police Force is the protection and guardianship of the property and peace of the inhabitants in the respective areas, and for that, Government has no more responsibility in London than in Liverpool.

The Police Force, is, in the view of most people, a civil and not a military organization, and the most effectual means to ensure that it always remains so, is to place it under the direct management of the elected representatives of the inhabitants in the respective areas concerned, who are much the best judges of their own special needs and requirements. Municipal govern-

ment, in common with every human institution, naturally has its defects and deficiencies, but most will agree that in matters of this kind, it is quite certain to prove more elastic and satisfactory than management by the permanent irresponsible officials in any Government department. When Parliament meets again, after the recess, perhaps some of our Progressive members may think it worth while to call attention to this particular aspect of the situation.—Yours, &c.,

J. SPENCER HILL.

The Chantry, Enfield, N. September 10th, 1918.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

SIR,—Very much is spoken nowadays about the "self-determination" of peoples. Whether it is the right thing, seems to me dependent upon how advanced in civilization, and politically developed, is the nation which is called upon to determine its future. I will not dwell upon this question, which is out of my present topic, and take it for granted. If any among the independent nations which took part in this war, has a right to self-determination, it is certainly Poland, the most civilized among them. If the Powers are sincerely good-willing with regard to this principle, the following question must necessarily arise: How can Poland determine presently, and who in Poland is the best entitled to this function? A "plebiscite," a referendum to the people, a convocation of a Parliament or Constituent Assembly of the three parts of Poland, are things obviously impossible in the present conditions. The so-called "Polish National Committees" in London, Paris, and America, are certainly useful institutions for minor questions, but: (1) They represent only a party in Poland, the so-called "National Democracy," a sort of moderate Left, having nothing to do with the Right, the Centre, or the Extreme Left. (2) They have only a certain connection with that part of Poland which formerly belonged to Russia. (3) They are practically not representative at all, but *self-made*, not having their root and origin in either of those two sources of authority recognized by International Law—the Sovereign King and the Sovereign People. Yet there are three existing bodies, which have the right, if taken together, to speak officially and legally for the whole of the Polish Nation; the three "Polish Clubs" (meaning Polish Parties) in the Reichsrath, the Reichstag, and the Duma. The Governments have shown a very great liberalism, and perhaps an exaggerated fair play by allowing their Socialistic subjects to meet in Congresses abroad. Why can they not extend to the Poles, the same fair spirit, and permit the convocation in some neutral town like Stockholm, Geneva, Madrid, of a General Conference of the three "Polish Clubs"? Such an assembly could: (1) Express some ground principles and desires which certainly would have greater moral effect, being invested with a higher authority than whatever has been said about the Polish question up to the present day. It could call to life out of its members a permanent lawful Polish committee having the right to represent Poland legally in her ever-increasing relations with the Great Powers.—Yours, &c.,

MALYNSKI.

40, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

MR. HUGHES.

SIR,—As an enthusiastic reader of your columns, I venture to suggest that your attitude towards Mr. Hughes hardly does justice to your reputation for consistency.

You welcomed the Australians when they came to fight for us, hailed them as brothers, and have on scores of occasions lauded their splendid deeds. And yet, when one of them expresses his views upon matters of Imperial interest, because he happens to voice opinions which many of us do not hold, you scold him for abusing our hospitality. Surely it is hardly just to regard our brethren from Overseas merely as fighting animals, and having taken of their best, to refuse to recognise them as anything else. Mr. Hughes certainly expresses in vigorous language ideas with which many of us do not agree; but, after all, whatever his opinions, he is just as intimately a member of the Empire as you or I, and has just as much right to air his views, and however greatly one may regret it, there is no getting away from the fact that Mr. Hughes is probably voicing the opinions of as large a number of members of our Empire at the present moment as the Editor of THE NATION does.

Mr. Hughes is the guest of Great Britain, not because he makes an ornamental figure in the Row or because he is a useful physical slayer of German soldiers, but because, as I understand it, Great Britain desires to have his advice as a prominent member of the Empire. Surely, then, it is a little ungracious to suggest that he is abusing our hospitality merely because the advice he gives is unpalatable to certain sections and parties to which we may happen to belong.

I have seen it argued that he has no right to speak his mind, as he failed to carry his Conscription Bill in Australia. But by the same token one would have to argue that Mr. Gladstone's views on any subject were nothing worth, on the ground that he failed to carry Home Rule.—Yours, &c.,

"SENEX."

[There is a mean and a sense of fitness in all things. The country would have been perfectly willing to hear Mr. Hughes's views. But he, a guest of the whole country, has chosen to

express them in language of unmeasured condemnation of the historic opinions of one party in the State.—Ed., THE NATION.]

"AUTHORITY."

SIR,—Mr. Ponsonby's article on Authority must have a pigeon-hole to itself in our minds, whether or no our souls feel more weighty in the top-hat. If at first he seems to offer but an unassailable stone-wall to the optimist, his final paragraph brings to us a vision of the hills. The hope lies, he reminds us, in the spiritual nature of man. Nevertheless, there must yet be a postscript to Mr. Ponsonby's last word. For authority has so deeply infected those who assume guardianship over the ancient sources of spiritual help, that we find ourselves still wiping our shoes on the doormats of the heavenly palaces. Because the ultimate authority in Life—the Law of Duty and Service, and through it the inheriting of the Earth—is unquestionably divine, the infamous dogma that all authority is divine has bestridden the law-abiding man and his inborn religion almost to death. It is small wonder that Tolstoy found no hope for statecraft save in anarchy, nor that a less man, because of the Churches' open claim that without their assumptions religion would have no authority, should in his newly-found passion for intellectual honesty repudiate that religion. Papal infallibility and the Apostolic succession are strangling religion as surely as absolute monarchy and secret diplomacy deny man his freedom.

Sir, are not religion and freedom the life of man so long as he bows to their divine authority? When such spiritual authority is recognised, may we not have as much hope for the State as for the family, as much for the altar as for the hearth? But as the dogma of infallible authority must be up-rooted from, say, the Home Office, if justice is to reign, so must the analogous claims of the Churches be relinquished by them if the revival of religious life is to come. "Let the Church begin to be a Church," as Dr. Orchard writes, "and we shall begin to see again a succession of evangelists, prophets, and saints that will turn the world upside down, construct a true order of Christian Society, build a universal Church, and establish the Kingdom of God on earth."—Yours, &c.,

GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D.

85, Harley Street, W.

ANOMALY IN THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.

SIR,—May I point out to you a curious anomaly in the Franchise Act, which operates unfairly against this year's recruits? Men who were soldiers during the qualifying period (October, 1917, to April, 1918) are on the register as absent voters, and will vote as such. But this year's recruits appear on the register under their residential qualification, and if they are abroad fighting at the general election will not, if my reading of the Act is correct, be able to vote as absentees. They will therefore lose their votes unless they are fortunate enough to obtain leave covering the day of the poll. This hardship was surely not intended. Could not a short amending Act be passed, when Parliament assembles, to remove it?—Yours, &c.,

F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

Mascot, Holmwood, Surrey.

AMERICAN OPINION AND THE WAR.

SIR,—Allow me, after an inevitable lapse of a long interval, to thank you for publishing in your issue of July 6th, my letter about the trend of American opinion about the war.

It is not profitable to conduct a long-range newspaper discussion across the rolling Atlantic; therefore I ask THE NATION to let me emphasize only a single point, namely the present impossibility, owing to the notorious and legally-proved German propaganda, of conducting any public discussion to-day in the United States as to terms of peace which do not imply first the military knock-out of Germany.

To-day, Americans face the established fact, not the inference, that the German Government undertook, by means of a great corruption fund, to buy up our newspapers, to subsidize our public writers and pamphleteers, and to stimulate "peace movements" which were in favor of a peace solely in the interests of Germany. We have had the official charge that a great New York daily not merely spoke in the Teutonic interests, but was actually owned by the German Government. We have had cast-iron affidavits, formal confessions, and precise public statements by our high legal officers to such an extent as to leave no reasonable doubt that from the German Embassy, so long as we were neutral, there emanated alike plots both to expedite thuggery and arson around our manufacturing plants, and to promote a pacifist agitation by a clumsy use of unlimited money.

Such honorable *bona-fide* pacifists as exist in America have to-day the greatest possible grievance against Germany—as they frankly confess in private conversation—in that the methods of Teuton propagandists have been such that it is impossible for a pacifist to open his lips on the subject of ending the war, and not to be instantly met with the charge of being the hireling of the public enemy, a charge which has every presumption on its side of being true.

Americans, the citizens of a great democracy, have not submitted themselves to a really drastic press-censorship and espionage law without extremely grave reasons. They put down

the necessity of that law among the various tragedies of the war; but they have at last taken the full measure of the German propaganda and its various disguises and ends, and at a time when they are sending their sons by the millions into the battle for the world's freedom, they confess without squeamishness to their reluctance to have the cause of liberty stabbed from the rear.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS.

The University of Minnesota. Minneapolis, Minnesota.
August 12th, 1918.

TURNING THEIR CAPTIVITY.

THE following donations have been received by the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme (Educational) in response to the recent appeal in THE NATION:—

	£	s.	d.
Bell, Lady Morrison, Bellingham, Northumberland...	5	0	0
Grainger, Pte. A. A., B.E.F.	1	1	0
Grove, H. V., Esq., Kingswinford	1	1	0
Paton, J. F., Claremont, Alloa	5	0	0
"Ulster Unionist Radical"	1	0	0
W. D. N., Paignton	1	1	0

Remittances should be made payable to the Chairman and Hon. Director, Sir Alfred T. Davies, K.B.E., C.B., and forwarded to him at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, S.W. 7, or c/o THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

Poetry.

THE NEXT WAR.

THE long war had ended.
Its miseries had grown faded.
Deaf men became difficult to talk to.
Heroes became bores.

Those alchemists
Who had converted blood into gold,
Had grown elderly.
But they held a meeting,
Saying—
"We think perhaps we ought
To put up tombs,
Or erect altars,
To those brave lads
Who were so willingly burnt
Or blinded
Or maimed,
Who lost all likeness to a living thing
Or were blown to bleeding patches of flesh
For our sakes.
It would look well.
Or should we even educate the children?"
But the richest of these wizards
Coughed gently;
And he said
"I have always been to the front
—In private enterprise—
I yield in public spirit
To no man.
I think yours is a very good idea
—A capital idea—
And not too costly.
But it seems to me
That the cause for which we fought
Is again endangered.
What more fitting memorial for the fallen
Than that their children
Should fall for the same cause?"
Rushing eagerly into the street
The kindly old gentleman cried
To the young
"Will you sacrifice
Through your lethargy
What your fathers died to gain?
Our cause is in peril.
The world must be made safe for the young!"
And the children
Went. . . .

MILES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Joan and Peter." By H. G. Wells. (Cassell. 9s. net.)
 "Greek Political Theory: Plato and his Predecessors." By Ernest Barker, M.A. (Methuen. 14s. net.)
 "The Indestructible Nation." A Survey of Irish History from the English Invasion. By P. S. O'Hegarty. (Maunsell. 4s. net.)
 "The Young Wage-Earner: and the Problem of his Education." Essays and Reports edited by J. J. Findlay, with the Committee of the Uplands Association. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Eastern Explorations: Past and Future." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Tower of London from Within." By Major-General Sir George Younghusband. (Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Glenmornan: A Story of Donegal." By Patrick Macgill. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net.)

* * *

THINKING about the work of Mr. W. H. Hudson and what a personal pleasure it would be to write about it on this page, I suddenly remembered the fatal mistake that Fielding made in the second part of "Tom Jones." That was in Tom's intrigue with Lady Bellaston and his subsequent sophistications with Sophia. The effect upon the reader is permanent and instantaneous. The author's defence of Tom becomes a sentimental case of special pleading; Tom's candor loses all its weight as a balance against hypocrisy, affectation, and insincerity; the Squire becomes as much a fool in his repentant choice of Tom as in his original one of Blifil, and even Sophia's flight from home becomes involved in the general catastrophe of quality and interest. How a genius of Fielding's liberal humanity, golden toleration for frailty, and hatred of the ulterior motive in human thought and action, could have failed to see that this apostasy against them emasculated his book as workmanship, as one of the greatest stories in all fiction, is one of those mysteries of sheer obtuseness which sometimes clogs the work of artists, well enough in their way, but whose wisdom does not rate with Fielding's wit alone.

* * *

THUS is "morality" seen to be as much the need and ally of all true art as insensibility to the Philistine. The way to great art lies not simply in perfection of finish, but in the interpretation we place upon morality. The nearer we bring it into line with the faith, the purpose, the idea which our finer apprehensions realize to be the truth of the universe, the greater will be our art. Upon those grounds alone, upon the imaginative intensity by which he feels the contact of all the forms of material Nature with their spiritual origin, I should found Mr. Hudson's claim to be considered a master of literature and, at the same time, explain the indifference of the world to it. His reputation rests chiefly upon his South American stories—"The Purple Land," "Green Mansions," and that wonderful romance so rare and delicate which "H. M. T." some while ago in this paper, justly called one of the great stories in modern literature. But, at the risk of heresy, I should put Mr. Hudson in the same exalted rank as Hardy and Conrad, simply for his observations of English bird-life.

* * *

THESE studies occur in such books as "Hampshire Days," "Afoot in England," "A Shepherd's Life" as well as in "Adventure Among Birds," "Birds in London," "Birds in a Village," &c. Is there anything comparable to them in English literature? In "Green Mansions"—that extraordinary mystical romance so rare and delicate in its exploration of feeling that his divinations into the spiritual meaning of Nature can only be set beside Henry

James's into that of man—occurs this passage about the campanella:—

"O mystic dell-bird of the heavenly race of the swallow and dove, the quetzal and the nightingale! When the brutish savage and the brutish white man that slay thee, one for food, the other for the benefit of science, shall have passed away, live still, live to tell thy message to the blameless spiritualized race that shall come after us to possess the earth, not for a thousand years but for ever; for how much shall thy voice be to our clarified successors when even to my dull, unpurged soul, thou canst speak such high things and bring it a sense of an impersonal, all-comprising One who is in me and I in him, flesh of his flesh and soul of his soul."

You cannot indeed call Mr. Hudson a bird-lover any more than you can call Lamb a book-lover. It goes deeper than that, deeper than a sympathy with our perception of birds as poetic and aerial intelligences. His clairvoyance seems avian in itself; as though, without the smallest trace of sentimental petting, he had, like the polyglot princesses of fairyland, been privileged by the addition of an extra-human consciousness to understand the language of birds, and in the visionary syllables of human speech to interpret that language to our dulled ears. The old explanation of genius as a mysterious skylight looking out upon the eternal, as a testimony to the glory of God, has nothing fantastic in it:—

"He who herds to himself a joy
 Doth the winged life destroy;
 But he who catches the joy as it flies
 Lives in eternity's sunrise."

Mr. Hudson catches that joy as only the great poets do and as no scientist has yet done. His power of identifying himself with the secret processes of Nature might, by some minds, be called Christian, by others Pagan. I should prefer to call it religious. Yet a narrow reading of his book might see in it little more than propaganda towards the protection of birds for their sakes and a kindlier interest in them for our own.

* * *

I SUPPOSE one reason why we do not appreciate Mr. Hudson at his full literary value is because there is an element of melancholy, sometimes of gloom, occasionally even of misanthropy in his works, from which we shrink as from the exposure of our guilt towards the weaker tenants who share the earth with us. What else can we expect from a priest of Nature's oracles? If we stretch our imaginations to express the judgment of the creatures upon us, our sovereignty of the earth must appear a curse and a lamentation. It is hardly surprising that the depopulation of the counties of the air by the short-sighted greed of the farmer, the low tastes of the collector and the competition to secure a monopoly in killing by the gamekeeper and his lord, should often chafe Mr. Hudson's pages with a sense of tragic loss and impotence. I remember him quoting with some natural relish the saying of an old traveller: "I was in despair for many days, but at length to my great joy I spied a gibbet, for I then knew that I was coming to a civilized country." But an attentive reading of his work will reveal its constant susceptibility to bursts of lofty exhilaration, of sudden rapturous prose chantings as though the spirit had seized him by the hair. It is as he writes himself in "Birds in London" when he is describing the cutting down of the old elm trees which used to grow in Hyde Park and the consequent emigration of the rooks and thinking of another London made whole and beautiful again:—"I thought, quoting Hafiz, that after a thousand years my bones would be filled with gladness, and, uprising, dance in the sepulchre."

* * *

THERE is no doubt that it is really Mr. Hudson's imaginative passion as an artist which makes him a stylist of such purity, precision and elegance. His literary and scientific knowledge is both profound and extensive but what places him among the great names is his power of fusing this knowledge with an art conceived and expressed rather as vision, prophecy, and conviction than anything smaller. Mr. Hudson's work is not only art, but a lesson upon the meaning of art.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

CLIVE AND HASTINGS.

"The Life of Lord Clive." By Sir GEORGE FORREST, C.I.E.
Two vols. (Cassell. 36s. net.)

"Warren Hastings in Bengal." By Miss MONCKTON JONES.
(Clarendon Press.)

ROBERT CLIVE, on the 10th of March, 1743 (N.S.), left the Thames, on board the "Winchester," a vessel of about 500 tons, belonging to the East India Company, and, after being detained at Pernambuco for nine dreary months, reached Madras Road on the 1st of June, 1744, and the following morning at sunrise the ship saluted Fort St. George with nine guns and the Governor with twenty-one. Clive himself was then seventeen years of age.

Warren Hastings left England in January, 1749, and reached Bengal on the 16th of July in the same year. He was then also a lad of seventeen.

Clive died by his own hand (the third time of asking), in Berkeley Square on the 22nd of November, 1774, aged 49. Hastings died in Worcestershire on the 22nd of August, 1818, in his 86th year.

The first of these great men gave us that precious and still perilous gift, our Indian Empire; the second, in Macaulay's words, preserved and extended it. No two eminent Englishmen were ever more unlike one another in life or in death.

I observe, with some amusement, that I have already quoted Macaulay, but I defy anyone, who loves reading for its own sake, not to quote Macaulay sooner or later when engaged upon such a theme as this; and if it has to be done, the sooner, perhaps, the better.

There is a noticeable disposition among the latter-day historians of our early Indian Empire to relegate the mighty popularizer (so far as it has ever become popular) of their difficult task, to footnotes. This disposition is one with which it is easy to sympathize. Macaulay is for ever in their way. He has told the tale they are required to re-tell; though they know much more about Clive and Hastings than he possibly could, they find it impossible to shake off the impression of his first draft. Macaulay is there, in possession of the field; nor can those who come after him hope to supersede him by stealing his thunder, for all the world of English readers know by heart its familiar reverberations. Consequently, they are inclined to leave him severely alone.

How many thousands of elderly gentlemen are to be found to-day, scattered up and down these islands and throughout the Dominions of the Crown, who can recall the very time and place, when and where, years ago in the eager flush of youth, when a book was indeed a book, they read for the first time, with uneasy searchings of the soul, the second paragraph of the essay on Lord Clive:—

"Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa. But we doubt (and this, perhaps, was the first time they had encountered in their reading, that portentous editorial 'We,' at which even boys have long since ceased to shiver) whether, one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxor, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Sujah Dowlah ruled in Oude or Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or Mussulman."

These blunt questions still search the heart of manhood, though well-nigh four-score years have passed since they were first asked in the January number of the "Edinburgh Review" of 1840. Schoolboys have their fashions no less than their inferiors, and possibly Montezuma and Atahualpa have had a good deal of their luminous paint rubbed off since 1840; and as for "the gentlemen of highly cultivated minds," if it be the fact—which I am not in a position either to assert or deny—that one in ten of them can to-day answer, off-hand, all the four questions, it will, I am sure, be owing to the interest in the subject excited in their youthful minds by Macaulay himself.

This is not what it should be. The Essayist ought never to be allowed to usurp the throne of the Historian. But, if Historians are to hold their own they must learn how to write, and the secret of writing is to know how first to arrest and then to retain the interest of the reader. Both

ancient and modern times supply examples of historians and even biographers who knew how to write, and among them are to be found men and women who had no claim, and probably no desire, to be hailed as rhetoricians or politicians or even character sketchers, or to practise any of the *ad captandum* tricks of writers who strive to be lively at all costs. But all the same, they knew how to write.

Neither Clive nor Hastings were lucky in their first biographers. The achievements of these men were great, and cast in romantic surroundings; but when their biographers took up the tale it became as dull and uninspiring, as muddled and mixed, as if it had been a history of a trade congress in the twentieth century of the present era.

Clive's first biographer, Sir John Malcolm, whose life Macaulay used as a peg on which to hang his own animated narrative, had neither the time nor the aptitude to be a good biographer, his one endowment being the faculty of holding a pen even on board ship.

The fact that Malcolm was Governor of Bombay when he was writing his book is as good an excuse as any for its failure as can be found; but, had he only been Governor of the Isle of Man, I suspect the result would have been much the same. Sir George Forrest tells us that even when Malcolm came home "he allowed himself to be lured into the strife of politics," and, as if the life of Clive was not enough for any man, he must needs nurse the hope "of writing a great work on the Government of India." The life was allowed to go to sleep, and when the biographer himself slept in death in 1833 it was left unfinished and had to be completed by a friend. *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.*

The reader of Sir George Forrest's new Life of Clive has only to study carefully the preface to perceive how much he is going to be indebted to Clive's latest biographer. Sir George himself is, perhaps, too busy a man, both in India and England, to be the "ideal" biographer, but he possesses an equipment for his task which none can dispute, and with which few could compete. Not only has he had placed in his hands the Powis MSS., which it appears Malcolm left in a terrible mess, but he has availed himself of frequent and most favorable opportunities in India (and notably in Pondicherry) and in England, of examining and collecting hitherto unpublished and valuable materials for his new life. It follows that we have, to-day, the opportunity of reading a Life of Clive not likely to be bettered. And, I may surely add, the hour jumps with the opportunity.

The great Lord Clive began his Indian career as the humblest and least regarded of boyish clerks, in the service of the most mercenary and least imaginative of trading monopolists. The future victor of Plassy arrived at Fort St. George as a quill-driver, on the minutest of salaries, and had to attend, *pro salute animæ* (so careful were the Directors of the morals of their sweated servants), "compulsory chapel" twice a day in the factory! Nor was Clive sustained by any subconsciousness of his marvellous destiny. He carried no field marshal's *bâton* in his bag. He was badly educated, miserably poor, and homesick; not, indeed, for his father's house in Shropshire, where he had always been the ugly duckling, but for his uncle's home in Manchester. He accounted himself "a solitary wretch." Could he have found any excuse for returning to Manchester, or have gained permission to do so, how gladly would he have gone; and then, farewell to Clive and all his greatness! for he was not made for home-consumption.

One or two anecdotes suffice to tell the story of the boyhood of most famous men, and it was only after the French had taken Madras, in September, 1746, and Clive, in the habit of a native interpreter (though beyond a smattering of Portuguese, picked up at Pernambuco, he never knew any language but his own) had escaped with blackened face to the neighboring English settlement of Fort St. David, that the drama of his life begins to unfold itself.

Clive, though tricky enough when put to it, possessed none of the ingratiating devices of the adventurer, or millionaire on the make, and was wholly without the charms of youth, high spirits, and good looks; yet he soon emerges as the coming hero of the piece. A gloomy hero, it may be, for he was born "in the planetary hour of Saturn, and with a piece

MENTAL INDIGESTION.

By GEORGE HENRY.

I GOT into a railway carriage the other morning just in time to hear the commencement of one of those rip-snorting arguments that do so much to liven up an otherwise somnolent line.

The subject—well, I don't think one need draw the reader into it. It really doesn't matter. What concerned one at this time, and still concerns one now, was the intellectual aspect of this warfare of words.

Brown started off with a long tirade. He spilled facts and figures that did not seem to me to bear mature consideration. He eloquently voiced some epigrammatic phrases that somehow seemed to have a ring of familiarity.

Jones responded in like manner and, curiously enough, his alleged facts and figures, as also his epigrammatic phrases, also gave one the impression of being old familiar friends.

The argument waxed fast and furious, now and again fading out to mere ineptitude as each man got out of his depth

Afterwards, when I had time to think it over, I came to the startling realization that neither Brown nor Jones was voicing his own thoughts. Now I came to think it, I remember that Brown was carrying a copy of the "Daily Snort," while Jones was a reader of the "Morning Rumble." Little wonder that some of those epigrammatic slogans sounded well-worn. It also explained why the argument had occasionally degenerated in futile spluttering when the two men got into realms of thought which had not been explored for them by their favorite journalists.

I have coined a term for their mental state—"Mental Indigestion."

There is a close analogy between the mind and the body in this respect. If you overload the stomach and neglect to take sufficient exercise, sooner or later you will find that the stomach does its work inefficiently. You feel torpid and "heavy," and quite a number of unpleasant symptoms are the final result. It is just the same with the mind. Fill your mind with facts and neglect to exercise it, and you will get mental indigestion. And then, like the chronic dyspeptic, you fly for succor to artificial aid.

The dyspeptic pours stuff out of bottles into his stomach—stuff that artificially digests his food for him.

The sufferer from "mental indigestion" gets ready-made intellectual digestion by letting somebody else form his opinions for him. His daily paper performs the same function as the dyspeptic's "dope."

Now, if there is one thing above all others that the experience of the last four years has taught us, it is the necessity for every individual to think for himself—to consider every aspect of every question, individual or national, that crops up; and to form a mature, unbiassed opinion upon it.

I venture to assert that if every man and woman of the nation formed his or her opinion on these lines, we should be within measurable distance of a real Utopia.

Further, if every man read one-quarter of the amount he usually reads and thoroughly digested that quarter the individual and the nation would be the better for it.

Over and over again the nation has been stampeded into chaotic action merely by the constant repetition of some superficially ingenious parrot-cry which, if it had been the subject of careful reflection, would have received the contempt of indifference.

Right thinking means right action. I would like to see that sound, sane axiom blazoned in heavy type

beneath the title of every newspaper, magazine, and journal in the country, as a reminder to all men that every individual is free to blaze his own trail in the vast empire of the mind.

As it is, mental indigestion is a very prevalent disorder. It does not confine itself to any one class—there's quite as much evidence of mental indigestion at Westminster as there is in Wigan.

But, thank goodness, every man is not so afflicted. Within the last three years a silent but overwhelming revolution of thought has been going on in our midst. There is a vast army of men and women in existence to-day who have learned the laws of thought, have realized the powers that were in them, have been taught that every individual is capable of efficient intellectual effort on his or her own behalf.

And saying this, I have reached the point where this article is elevated to the dignity of advertisement; for these men and women are Pelmanists.

To me it seems that the greatest value of Pelmanism is in its ability to show all men how to throw off the intellectual torpidity and brain-sloth that comes of mental indigestion.

I know men who before Pelmanism came to them would have been utterly at a loss to express their opinions on any subject. They had never sufficiently considered a subject to form an opinion and, consequently, lacked the confidence to try. Now, because they have been led to examine into their own thought-processes they find it a matter of ease to take any subject, separate and classify its components or deduct an opinion from a set of circumstances. Instead of taking for granted all that they are told, they go about the world with eyes and ears alert and, from their observations, they create ideas for themselves. And in this wise are they nearer the truth than the "mental dyspeptic" can ever hope to be.

I have just been privileged to read an essay on Pelmanism written by a well-known lady of title, who is a student of the system. She says: "*Next to absence of thought, slipshod and confused thought is rampant among us. People take their opinions from newspapers, from rumor, from their neighbors, anywhere except from their informed recesses of their own minds. Pelmanism strikes at the root of two great national defects—mental sloth and fear of efficiency. It reveals to every student that he has in him the power to think for himself, to control and govern his life*"

If this were all that Pelmanism did—and in point of fact it is but a tithe of the benefit that results from its study—if it were all, I repeat, Pelmanism would yet be the greatest educational force—the most powerful influence for good—that this generation has seen.

The time is coming when, even more than in the present, right thinking will be a vital necessity if we are to re-build a stately social order from the ruins that now confront us, and in that time the Pelmanists—now adding to their numbers by thousands every week—will play a great part in the great efforts which must be made to arrive at the fruition of great ideals.

"*Mind and Memory*" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of THE NATION to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to the Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

of that leaden planet in him," but still a hero whose life and fortune it is well to follow, without any teasing comment of mine, through the two volumes of Sir George Forrest's biography.

I will, however, add a word or two of my own on the seemingly unkindred topic of the use of the poetical imagination.

Sir George Forrest tells with spirit, as a narrative, the familiar but ever-moving story of Clive's boyish duel in Fort St. David, but he makes no reference to Browning's dramatic idyll on the same incident. Yet nowhere else is more light thrown upon the dusky recesses of Clive's sombre soul. A poet's imagination lights the torch and holds it for us whilst we peer, for a moment or two, into the tomb. Browning's point is this. An old and unlucky Indian comrade of Clive's asks him over his port and opium, and within a week of his violent end, when, in the whole course of his life, he was most conscious of his courage. Clive answers, "I cannot tell you, but I do know when I was most frightened," and then proceeds to relate the story of the duel; how he, whilst a despised civilian, a beggarly clerk of one and twenty, had accused a soldier of cheating at cards, and, being forced to exchange pistol shots with the cheat, fired first and missed, and was, consequently, at the mercy of his opponent, who twice touched Clive's forehead with the muzzle of his pistol and demanded an apology which Clive refused to give, but repeated the charge:—

"Cheat you did, you know you cheated, and this
moment know as well,
As for me, my homely breeding bids you—fire,
and go to hell!"

Thereupon the bully loses heart, flings down his pistol, and rushes out, crying,

"I did cheat."

This was the occasion in his life, so Browning makes Clive say, when he felt most fear.

The friend, misunderstanding the situation, and thinking Clive was afraid because his life was in imminent danger, replied, laughingly, that though no doubt it was a little trying for a boy's nerve, still, he would have supposed that at Arcot or Plassy or elsewhere, death and Clive might have come "to somewhat closer quarters."

Thereupon Clive broke out and cursed and railed at the stupidity of his friend. Clive was not afraid of the prospect of death, but of dishonored life; and here my poet must be allowed to finish his dramatic idyll for himself:—

"Look here," (he makes Clive say,)

Checking his advance, his weapon still extended, not a span
Distant from my temple—curse him! quietly had bade
Me there!

Keep your life, calumniator! Worthless life I freely spare:
Mine you freely would have taken, murdered me and my good
fame—

Both at once, and all the better! Go, and thank your own bad
aim—

Which permits me to forgive you.' What, if with such words
as these

He had cast away his weapon. How should I have borne me—
please?

Nay, I'll spare your pains and tell you. This and only this
remained—

Pick his weapon up and use it on myself. I so had gained
Sleep the earlier, leaving England probably to pay on still—
Rent and taxes for half India, tenants at the Frenchman's will."

It never does to ignore the poets, even rugged and analytical poets. They are usually in at the finish, and may often tell you more about a dead man than can his biographers.

As a soldier Clive's fame sits secure. He turned the French out of India. Victory is always pleasing. It is to our national pride what

"The perfect feel of a fourer"

is to the perspiring batsman bent on building up his score.

As an administrator Clive has been too severely criticised for establishing what is called—and it is, indeed, an ill-sounding name—the dual system in Bengal. What choice had he? He hated the dual system, and could he and Chatham have had their hearts' content all British India would have been vested in the Crown. But this was no more possible in 1765 than military conscription for service on the Continent of Europe would have been possible in 1913.

If any studious reader wishes to get some sort of a real grasp of the history of Anglo-Indian Administration

in the days of Clive and Hastings let him purchase and peruse Miss Monckton Jones's recent addition to the "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies," volume 9, entitled, "Warren Hastings in Bengal." People who like books to be dull will not find it difficult to like this one, and those who love an honest narrative, with copious and well-arranged details, and can enjoy the pleasure of a gradual comprehension, will hail it with delight, and after they have mastered it will place it on the same shelf along side of Macaulay.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

"A New Way of Housekeeping." By CLEMENTINA BLACK.
(Collins. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE literature of reconstruction grows apace, and the home, like everything else, is to be rebuilt. Miss Black is a competent architect. She has experience, and she has ideas: she has also the uncommon capacity of writing plainly and to the point. Fortunately, she does not propose to subject us to one of those "local authorities" so dear to the Fabian mind: we are not to start the day on municipal porridge and lunch upon a national minimum of standard sausage; nor need we fill up a sheaf of forms in order to requisition a supplementary century of calories. These things we are spared, and the State Inspector is not given a free pass to our kitchens. But what we are counselled to do is to form voluntary federations of homes: each federation is to consist of about fifty houses grouped about one centre, managed by an expert superintendent, with an expert secretary, and an expert staff. Here meals are to be prepared and consumed, unless we prefer them to be sent round on a warmed trolley, and here all ordering and purchasing will be done. Expert analysts will test our food and expert buyers will make the sharpest of bargains. From this centre the skilled and trained housemaids will be despatched to the various homes as required, and the whole cumbrous and wasteful business of individual housekeeping will be abolished. Our homes will still be our own, and our time, money, and health be saved for us. We shall still be at liberty to join or leave the Federation, and presumably we can make as much or as little use of the central service as we please.

As paper-schemes go, Miss Black's policy has much in its favour. It keeps out the State, it keeps out compulsion, and it would probably be economical. But she makes frequent and fundamental assumptions. She argues, for instance, that this scheme will "release" a vast number of people from the drudgery of the home for the "productive" work in the world. Here the production of vast national wealth is regarded as good in itself, and any domestic arrangements which interfere with it are necessarily bad. But what matters is not wealth, but happiness. If it can be proved that "released" women will be really happier fighting in the wage-market of the after-war world than in maintaining the individualities of home-life, well and good. It is not only the domestic servant that is to be "released," but the housewife herself. The servantless home is condemned as wasteful. But it has yet to be shown that the after-war world could find productive work for all the women, and that such work, with its consequent standardisation of habits, homes, and diets, is really what people want.

Again, Miss Black has a most lamentable faith in the expert. She bows low to Domestic Science, and is ready to fall down in utter obeisance before the Girl with the Diploma. It is this complete confidence in Courses (usually puffed by the people whose one hope of making money is to try and teach somebody else something) and this complete neglect of common sense which is at once so typically modern and so astonishing. Theoretical housekeepers are often incompetent, and many competent housekeepers have never read a word on the subject. In these matters diplomacy may be more valuable than diplomas. The arts of cooking and of cleaning come to those who can use their fingers and their wits, and cleanliness cannot be guaranteed by lectures and certificates. A person with no instinct for clean habits can be wheedled or bullied into being less dirty: the cleanly worker, the person who cannot tolerate

The advertisements of Pope & Bradley are occasionally potent Bradley.



"Love Shortage"

"Rilette's picture is still apropos of nothing—nothing of the present, for the present has nothing to offer. The future is the only hope for the world, hence the mind wanders."

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

DORA THE STERILE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

DORA is my mistress. She controls my actions, my thoughts, my opinions, my mind, my stomach, my life. And although she shows no love for me, she compels me to go on living with her. As a mistress she is an anomaly; for Dora is a sour and sterile spinster, the only child Mrs. Grundy ever permitted herself.

Now, although Dora bulges my pockets with innumerable permits to exist, although by Curfew she sends me to bed at a time when I want to be up and doing, and although I am forced to approve of her dubious intimacy with her friend the Censor, which is almost beyond the bounds of propriety, I really must ask her not to interfere with the running of my business. I know much more about it than she does, and in this, at least, I must be left unheeded.

I am not a weak character, but she has assumed the power to dominate me, and keep me in chains so that I cannot be unfaithful to her. She is, however, a very expensive person to live with, and for her own sake she must give me sufficient rope to make enough money to provide for her—or to hang myself with.

Dora must keep her hands off the business community—they are paying and will have to pay for the war.

Taking one's mind from this sordid little intrigue, the House of Pope & Bradley will—with the kind permission of Dora—continue to make clothes for the Army, Navy, Air Force, and civilians of military age at prices considerably below the profiteering average.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
**14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.**

Vol. XX

Just ready

NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

Vol. XX

Cloth, 2/6 net

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF 1917.

A Brilliant Military History.

Everywhere recognised as the Authoritative
Narrative of the War.

ALL VOLUMES ARE SOLD SEPARATELY, OF
ALL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSTALLS.

To be Sold for the benefit of the Italian Red Cross.

"NON PASSERANNO."

COLLEONI TO THE RESCUE.

A Prophetic Vision by

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

With Illustration of the Famous Equestrian Statue.

Price 1s.

On Sale at the Italian Gift House, 2, Albemarle Street, London, W.,
and on application to Miss Phillimore, Shiplake House, Henley-on-
Thames.

Will also be on Sale on

ITALY'S DAY, SEPTEMBER 25,

At the Depôts of the Italian Red Cross,
And in Hotels and Principal Streets.

COLLINS' NEW BOOKS.

Ready Shortly.

Order Early.

A WRITER'S RECOLLECTIONS

By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

A picture of the Oxford of the last century, from the sixties to the eighties, with a rapid survey of the literature, religion, and social effort of the later Victorian years, bringing the main story down to 1900 and the epilogue to 1908. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Recently Published.

WREN'S WIFE

By CYRIL RUSSELL.

6s. net.

"Original in conception, flawless in construction, and written in fine literary style—will rank as one of the successes of the year's publications."—*Glasgow Citizen*.

VERDUN DAYS IN PARIS

By MARJORIE GRANT.

6s. net.

"One of Miss Grant's best stories."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

FOE-FARRELL

By "Q" (Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH).

6s. net.

"A very striking and immensely interesting book."—*Guardian*.

KAREN

By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

6s. net.

GOD'S COUNTERPOINT

By J. D. BERESFORD.

Second Impression.

6s. net.

"Mapped with a singular delicacy and sureness of touch and a broad and generous sympathy."—*Punch*.

Ready September 25th.

BUZZ, BUZZ

By Capt J. E. AGATE.

7s. 6d. net.

TONY HERON

By C. KENNETH BURROW.

6s. net.

CITIES AND SEA COASTS AND ISLANDS

By ARTHUR SYMONS.

7s. 6d. net.

ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE BURNING GLASS

By MARJORIE BOWEN.

6s. net.

LONDON: 48, PALL MALL, S.W.1.
W. COLLINS, SONS, & CO., LTD.

dirt, the sworn enemy of squalor, is born, not made. Therefore Miss Black's assumption of tremendous efficiency in the Central Staff of the Domestic Federation seems to be at least gratuitous. The efficiency of the central staff will depend in the long run on tact, common sense, and industry, not on schools of Domestic Economy. The world is full enough of sham sciences without our creating others: the curriculum of a modern girls' school will reveal an almost infinite number of -ics and -ologies, with an attendant swarm to teach them. Let us try and keep a sense of proportion. Science, like so many other things, is a good servant and a bad master: in every case its application and consequent value will depend upon common sense. The expert manageress may well be a trifle domineering, and the incoming maid who knows everything in the book will surely be rather a formidable angel in the house. And finally the generation for whose welfare this new way of housekeeping has been so carefully and thoughtfully planned is likely to be a generation with a very earnest desire to be left alone. After years of ticketing and registering, of controls and forms and all the paraphernalia of collectivism, the young couples who attempt the great adventure of domesticity will have a strong bias towards individualism. They may elect to go their own sweet, wasteful, inefficient way. After all, in such affairs as cooking and house-tending there is no absolute standard of right. Tastes differ, and one man finds meat overdone which his neighbour pronounces raw: one wife considers faddy the polishing and furnishing which another deems essential. Accordingly, however scientific and trained the management of the Centre may be, it cannot please all: possibly it cannot even please the majority, so diverse are people's domestic tastes. And in a world where external control and interference are likely to be far-reaching, the innate and repressed human instinct for solitude and particularity may find expression in vigorous opposition to collective cooking and the invasions of a scientific housemaid. It is a maxim of politics that good government is no substitute for self-government. May not this apply as well to the ordering of pots and pans?

It is upon this psychological point that the scheme for domestic federation seems weakest. Once grant that people will deliberately choose this way of living and will be sufficiently tolerant, reasonable, and good-tempered to conduct a federation without friction and jealousy, and Miss Black's scheme is admirable. That part of it which deals with the trained non-resident house-worker who "comes in" for so many hours a day is almost certain to be widely realised: but the collective kitchen and dining-hall (with its alternative of meals "sent in") will probably be less popular. Certainly all those who have a very strong antipathy to domestic work should acquaint themselves with the proposals for a new way of escape: and, whether they accept Miss Black's fundamental position or not, they will certainly find a fresh and lucid account of what might be achieved, provided the spirit were willing and the flesh were strong. Furthermore, they will have the unusual joy of handling a book whose format is admirable.

GUDRID THE FAIR.

"Gudrid the Fair." By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"The Soul of Susan Yellam." By H. A. VACHELL. (Cassell. 7s. net.)

"Perpetual Fires." By ERIC LEADBITTER. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)

"Tales of Secret Egypt." By SAX ROHMER. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

MR. HEWLETT tells us in his preface that his tale of Gudrid is founded upon two sagas and that all he has done has been to run the two together and "to dwell upon the humanity in the tales, and to develop that as seemed fitting." "The frugality of the sagas," says Mr. Hewlett, "freezes the soul," and if the classics can be amplified and humanized "I can stand the charge with philosophy." This is notable ambition, but we are not sure that Mr. Hewlett is wise to give it so much personal attention. Had he drawn in his psychological horns and told us instead that

he was presenting a frank and plain paraphrase of two old sagas, leaving the reader to interpret the character, atmosphere, and humanity as he found them therein, we should not have felt the contrast between Mr. Hewlett's avowed purpose and actual achievement to be quite so intrusive. A good deal of "Gudrid the Fair," for instance, is taken up with the voyages of the Icelanders, particularly that of Karlsefne, Gudrid's third husband, up the Hudson in "Wineland." But the author, too responsive to our more modern explorations, scouts what he regards as incidental narrative, and has been "more interested in Gudrid's husbands and babies than he had need to be as an historian." What he really means is that he likes Gudrid, who is a good natured and mannered, comfortable body, and takes what is handed her in way of husbands with an easy matronly compliance that makes no kind of a psychological fuss about anything. The world has always been full of such housewifely worthies, whether they be buried under a tumulus or a suburban headstone, whether they be called Mrs. Gudrid or Gudrid the Fair. Mr. Hewlett, in fact, has written a very readable narrative about the post-Sigurd-Gudrid-Fafnir-Brynhild prosperous peoples of Iceland and Greenland, a less passionate (i.e. psychological) and more settled folk. Why Mr. Hewlett should try and spoil his pleasant tale by the introduction of more complex claims is really far more of a problem than are his Thorwalds, Gudrids, Karlsefnes, and Thores.

In Mr. Vachell's latest novel we no more bother our heads about character, ideas, plot or narrative, than we do about snakes in Ireland. Everything is subordinated to one single, inflexible, concentrated purpose—that of pointing the Moral of Sacrifice. Mr. Vachell rightly recognises that the sacrifice of young men to the war-god has become so commonplace a theme of fiction that, both for the sake of variety and in order to do justice to others, we ought to fix our eyes upon the less spectacular but in their way as noble examples of supreme disinterestedness. So that the death of young Alfred Yellam, the carrier in the war, need not concern us overmuch. There are other souls who tread the difficult road besides Yellam, his wife, and his mother. The Squire of the village, for instance:—

"Old Captain Davenant (who divides a by no means stagnant career between hunting foxes and shirkers), and the Squire, were types of men whom the more Radical Press derides as reactionary and fire-eaters. Let the verdict of history speak for and after the war. Few to-day will deny that the privileged classes, with most at stake, stood shoulder to shoulder in their determination to scrap anything except scraps of paper bearing England's sign-manual."

"We shall all be hit in our purses and our stomachs," says the Squire with a reticence worthy of his faith. For, though he only lends his money, yet he gives his son. "The supreme sacrifice of an only son had been demanded and made instantly." Joyousness, Mr. Vachell feels, is the true reward of such sacrifice. "Aristocracy, governed possibly by its fine motto, *Noblesse oblige*, hurled self-interest to the void; democracy picked it up and hugged it." Democracy, accordingly, is gloomy, but "the Squire, after the sale of many heirlooms, was joyous." Yet, impressive as is the Squire's devotion, the really Promethean figure in the book is Hamlin, the Socialist parson. While "political considerations and expediencies kept the Vatican silent when a voice, thundering as from Sinai, might have awakened millions to a realization of the issues at stake," our English Moses-Abraham is not so sedentary. He not only gives his sons but brightly modern and original interpretations of the New Testament:—"With a swift transition he passed to the New Testament, dwelling with more insistence upon the love that had inspired single, obscure men to forsake country and kindred to fight God's battles in new and strange countries." No perplexities trouble his serene spirit. "Christ dealt with individuals, preaching and practising the power of love as between man and man, not as between man and mankind." It is this bold yet quietly confident spirit of modern Christianity which is the inspiration of the book, and enables St. Hamlin to say "in quiet tones" to Susan Yellam, distracted with grief for the loss of her son: "Let us prepare ourselves for greater sacrifices." We no longer wonder that the Church has found but little favor in the eyes of the layman during the war. The austerities of Spiritual Truth are too hard for average humanity.

Cassell's First List of Autumn Books.

H. G. Wells' new novel Joan and Peter

A Story of Education. 756 pages. 9s. net.

The Daily Chronicle says: "Packed with clever things, often with wise things; and it is robust of daring things and suggestive things."*The Daily News* says: "Its immediate interest should make it almost as popular as 'Mr. Britling Sees it Through'."*The Daily Express* says: "The book is fascinating and intriguing from the first page to the last. Long as it is, it defies skipping. 'Joan and Peter' is Mr. Wells—dogmatic, maddening, sometimes impertinent, often inspiring, always human."*The Daily Mail* says: "Good novels are never too long; it is the bad ones that are never short enough, and there is nothing to weary in these 750 pages."*The Morning Post* says: "Mr. Wells is gifted with a wonderful invention, with a graceful fantasy, with an admirable humour. He can write apt and charming English."**W. B. Maxwell's new novel**
The Mirror and the Lamp

7s. net.

The Daily Graphic says: "This story is worthy of its author's high reputation, and is an absorbing study of the clash of ideals with a great passion. Just because the hero, Edward Churchill, a clergyman, seemed sexless so long, his surrender is all the more complete. His love, however, involves his leaving the Church, and the manner and method of his reconciliation makes a theme which Mr. Maxwell handles in an engrossing manner."

SECOND LARGE IMPRESSION in the press of

Horace A. Vachell's new novel
The Soul of Susan Yellam

7s. net.

The Daily Chronicle says: "Here is a deftly done tale of an English village in war-time—Wilts way—and of Susan Yellam's problem, the problem also of so many other mothers, 'How can there be a God of Love if He has let the war devour my only son?'"*The Referee* says: "The best novel we have read for months."

A SEVENTH IMPRESSION in the press.

Arnold Bennett's Much Discussed Novel
The Pretty LadyMiss Rebecca West, in the *Outlook*, says: "Mr. Arnold Bennett is a writer of extraordinary decency and dignity. There is nothing in 'The Pretty Lady' which will shock any adult reader. Mr. Bennett has got hold of an idea that is brimful of beauty."

7s. net.

Uniform Edition of the works of "BARTIMEUS."

The Long Trick
Naval Occasions
A Call Ship

Extra crown 8vo, cloth.

5s. net each

The Star says of this Library Edition: "'Bartimeus,' who has become to the new Navy what Captain Marryat was to the old 'wooden walls,' is so widely read that Messrs. Cassell have just issued a uniform edition of his three books. . . . Other sea novels are full of technicalities, but they betray the landsman. . . . How ever carefully they 'get up' their subject, however many naval officers' yarns they listen to in clubs and other places, they never get that precise hue of reality which a man acquires, like sunburn, by living afloat all the year. That is the peculiar merit of the books of 'Bartimeus.'"

SECOND LARGE IMPRESSION nearly exhausted.

Dr. Muehlon's Diary.

Notes written early in the War by Dr. WILHELM MUEHLON, ex-Director of Krupp's. 5s. net.

The Sketch says: "Dr. Muehlon is no common man, and this is no common book. It stamps the man who wrote it as worthy of a place alongside Prince Lichnowsky."**The Life of Lord Clive**

By Sir George Forrest, C.I.E.

Two Volumes, with 6 Photogravures and other Illustrations, Maps and Plans. 36s. net.

Mr. W. L. Courtney, in the *Daily Telegraph*, says: "In Clive's case we have not hitherto taken the trouble to secure a really adequate biography. Sir George Forrest has nobly filled the breach . . . a most valuable addition to our knowledge of Indian history."

READY NEXT WEEK.

Sea Fights of the Great War. By W. L. Wyllie, R.A., and M. F. Wren

With Six Coloured Illustrations and 26 Black and White Drawings. Crown 4to. Cloth, gilt. 12s. 6d. net.

Among English marine painters of to-day none is better versed in naval matters than Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A. Some time after war broke out he spent several weeks cruising about with the Grand Fleet; he was permitted to make sketches and drawings, to portray the heterogeneous mass of ships which made up our War Fleet—from the newest Super-Dreadnought to the mine-sweeping trawler.

'Plane Tales from the Skies

By "Wing Adjutant"

Author of "The Royal Flying Corps in the War." 2s. 6d. net.

Second large Impression

The House of Cassell, London, E.C.4

After being witness to the sacrifices for others of Master Hamlin and Co., Mr. Leadbitter's artless and industrious tale must come as rather an anti-climax. It is a story of "family tradition seen at work during three generations," and, therefore, itself is a tradition one has no difficulty in recognising. Nicholas Longways, the grandfather, is literary and live-and-let live; Anthony, the son, is a tyrannical prig who neither lives himself nor will allow others to do so; and Oliver, the grandson, a young musician who justifies everything that Upper Norwood would say about him. The book punts onward gently and pleasantly enough to the death of Oliver in the war. The best parts of it are the women, though we could never understand how a spirited and intelligent creature like Mary Berwick could have married Anthony. Perhaps it was her love of paradox. Still, we must say that the family novel has had a sufficiently long run. Mr. Conrad has set the example of beginning a novel in the middle. Could not our annalists for a change go one better and, starting from eld, work steadily and progressively back to childhood?

Mr. Rohmer's titillating tales of terror are rather well done for the "genre." Sensationalism of this kind usually demands and receives the minimum of literary care or skill. They are no better and no worse than the machines on railway stations which turn on an electric battery for a penny in the slot. But Mr. Rohmer seems to have an uneasy literary conscience tucked away somewhere, and it is entertaining to see it protruding sometimes out of the immaculate waistcoats of the *dramatis personæ*. Yet another stimulus is provided by the quality of Mr. Rohmer's hero for the first half of the book. He is no more or less than a business man who earns his living by substituting sham for genuine antiques. After the dashing and immobile heroes with enlarged hearts of gold, such candor is refreshing.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Prelude." By KATHARINE MANSFIELD. (Hogarth Press.)

IN "Prelude" the author's literary method is that of impressionistic realism. In describing the removal of the Russell household from the city to a house in the country, she attempts, quite successfully, to visualize the flowing current of its daily life by constructing a clever pattern of the family's sensations and emotions. The method has its limitations, but interests one by its feminine sensitiveness and fluid receptivity. Old Mr. Fairfield washing the breakfast dishes and dreaming of the days when Beryl was a small child in a little plaid dress; Beryl herself criticising the house, her brother-in-law, Stanley's ways, her mother's slowness, the maid-servant's sloppiness, while she dreams of a man's adoration of her own irresistible fascination; Stanley driving home in his buggy enormously pleased with his new house, his wife and children, his business smartness, and the way he can carve ducks; the two little girls playing at dolls' dinner party, the elder patronising the younger, and letting the little boy visitor hold a doll for a great treat; Alice, the maid, getting tea ready while she keeps glancing at the Dream Book, and imagining the repartees she has never the courage to make to Miss Beryl. All this composes into a sharply veracious family picture, while depth of atmospheric effect is secured by Beryl's and Linda's emotional restlessness and day-dreaming of delicious, mysterious things to happen to them. As a piece of sensitive impressionism "Prelude" escapes banality, while conveying "character." "The story doesn't come to very much," some readers may object, but both the title and the last page suggest that Miss Mansfield designs that the chronicle shall come to more.

"A Traveller in War Time." By WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Macmillan. \$1.25.)

MR. CHURCHILL, the American novelist, has written, as would be expected, a book of high literary merit. It is thoroughly characteristic and American. In its simple faith in the inevitable attainment of a fine ideal through the war it recalls the feelings with which the British and French peoples accepted the German challenge, only to see their ideals dragged into the gutter by unfaithful politicians. Like the declaration of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Churchill's state-

ment of the American contribution has the quality of sincere emotion. But Europe is older in the war and the realism of "Le Feu," than the exaltation of Mr. Churchill. In some degree he recognizes this, yet, as an American, he feels that he must strike the note of optimism once more, glimpsing the spiritual goal through the battle clouds. He believes the idealism of his President, who best expresses the national character, will triumph. He admits that the statesmen of the Allies had at no time clearly defined the kind of democracy for which the Armies were fighting, but, on the contrary, had entered into compacts of an imperialistic nature, and fails to see the significance of his statement that Mr. Wilson has become the Liberal leader of the world to whom sincere democrats in Europe turn for guidance and support; nor the terrible implication of his further admission that while the American people fought Spain for an idea, imperialistic impulses followed the war and won.

"A Floating Home." By CYRIL IONIDES and J. B. ATKINS. With Illustrations by ARNOLD BENNETT. (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.)

A PICTURE of a barge under brown sails squatting on green water introduces us to Mr. Arnold Bennett in a new rôle and to a refreshing way of living. We now know Mr. Bennett, as we already knew Messrs. Wells, Chesterton, and Belloc, as an illustrator. His water-colours are dainty and unpretentious, and show his love of ships and the waters of the Essex estuaries. The book altogether is delightful. It records an experiment in escaping the tolls of the landlord and rate-collector. The author's home is a barge of 90 tons, with bed rooms, dining-room, bath-room, and a saloon as large as many in London flats which are rented at £150 a year. You cannot move a London flat when you come to hate the bricks opposite. On a barge you lift your anchor and away. Unlike a large yacht, the barge has a wide choice of anchorage. No tidal rivers and shallow waters are too complicated for her. She can, as the owners of the "Ark Royal" say in a burst of rapture, sit upright on a sandbank till a blow is over. And it is an easy way of going to the seaside: "You simply sail on to a nice clean sand and stay there till the wind moderates. Whenever the tide ebbs away, you can descend on to the sands by a ladder over the side, and pursue the usual seaside occupations of building docks and canals and forts and catching crabs." It makes caravanning look a silly business.

"France, the Apostle, and the Ethics of the War." By PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON. (University of London Press. 3s.)

THIS world and our present Allies are not enough for M. Loyson. He is inclined to think that "even in other planets we have won innumerable Allies to our flag." This thought must be deliberate because he is careful to point out to his audience that he was induced to deliver these lectures in order to denounce the total overthrow of reason on our own unhappy planet. Being liberally provided with the commodity himself, M. Loyson demonstrates, to the confusion of all who might shudder at the memory of what Europe was like in 1917, that we all were living in a "Democratic Paradise." Into that golden age intruded the serpent of the Russian Revolution. M. Loyson becomes hysterical over that infamous reptile. He has a short way of argument. All who have not learned to shout like Jingoes are pro-Germans. He appears, also, to have some special information to which the attention of the police should be directed: "Millions of German gold have been pouring, like a subterranean stream, into the lower regions of Allied countries, in Russia, Italy, France and Britain." He uses a formidable logic against his "pro-Germans": "If we had our eye on Morocco, what about the eye of Germany on the Hamburg-Bagdad line?" And, above all, he has humor: "The spirit of Washington and Lincoln rose. . . in the person of Theodore Roosevelt."

"The Far East Unveiled." By FREDRICK COLEMAN. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

MR. COLEMAN writes in the easy, unconventional manner to which readers of the American Press are accustomed. The opinions he has formed after a study of the Far East are of



PATRICIA BRENT SPINSTER

A comedy of our own times by an anonymous author. First edition 6,000 copies, second edition 5,000 copies ready, third edition 5,000 copies in hand. Thus before publication 16,000 copies have been called for. The booksellers and librarians prophesy that this will be one of the books of the year. 6s. net.

Glenmornan

Patrick MacGill's new Irish novel, the scene of which is laid in his native glens of Donegal, by the author of "Children of the Dead End," "The Rat Pit," "The Great Push," etc. A book for those who would understand the Ireland of to-day. 6s. net.

Adventures of Bindle

By Herbert Jenkins. Author of "Bindle," "The Night Club." First edition of 40,000 exhausted, second edition of 20,000 ready October 1st 6s. net. "Mr. Jenkins seems for the moment almost to rival Dickens in popularity."—*Daily News*. "As good as anything we have seen of its kind since Dickens."—*Field*.

The Veiled Woman

A new novel by Violet Tweedale which every woman will soon be discussing on account of the mystery that surrounds the principal character. 6s. net.

The Tower from Within

Some leaves from the Note-book of Maj-Gen. Sir George Younghusband, Keeper of the Jewel House, who achieved so remarkable a success last year in "A Soldier's Memories." With 32 full-page plates printed on good paper and eminently suitable for presentation. Price 10s. 6d. net, of all booksellers.

Captain Ball, V.C.

The story of the first great airman, by W. A. Briscoe and H. R. Stannard. With Appreciations by Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Douglas Haig, etc. Numerous illustrations. Three editions called for completing 10,000 copies. 6s. net.

The Fall of the Romanoffs

A book of tragic revelations about the ill-fated Tzar of Russia and his Empress, by a Russian. Popular Edition. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

A HERBERT JENKINS BOOK MEANS PLEASURE
BUYING WAR BONDS SPELLS VICTORY

TIMELY BOOKS ON VITAL SUBJECTS

RUSSIA.

FROM CZAR TO BOLSHEVIK.

By E. P. STEBBING. Author of "At the Serbian Front in Macedonia." Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. For the most part written in Russia while the events it records were evolving, this sober, detailed narrative of the Russian débâcle is the best balanced and most veracious chronicle of those tragic months that has been published.

GREECE.

CONSTANTINE, KING AND TRAITOR.

By DEMETRA VAKA. Author of "A Child of the Orient." Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. "In some ways it is the most remarkable book that has seen the light for a very long time. . . . No student of the history of Greece in these latter years can afford to ignore this work"—*Evening Standard*.

THE BRITISH EFFORT.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON. Author of "The War after the War," "The Rebirth of Russia," &c. 5s. net. "This clear-sighted and vivid American journalist describes in detail the wonderful system which the British Command has evolved, and his painstaking description is as thrilling as romance to the civilian reader."—*Globe*.

THE AMERICAN EFFORT.

OUT TO WIN

By CONINGSBY DAWSON. Author of "Khaki Courage," "The Glory of the Trenches," &c. 4s. net. "A timely and enthusiastically written little book."—*Times*.

ROUMANIA.

ROUMANIA Yesterday and To-Day

By MRS. WILL GORDON. Author of "A Woman in the Balkans." With an Introduction and two chapters by H.M. Queen of Roumania, a Frontispiece by Louis Raemaekers, and other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. "A book which invites attention on many grounds. Mrs. Gordon, who knows the country well, has a graphic pen, and gives her story true actuality."—*Times*.

MACEDONIA.

AT THE SERBIAN FRONT IN MACEDONIA.

By E. P. STEBBING. Author of "From Czar to Bolshevik," &c. 6s. net. "A readable and instructive volume."—*Bookman*.

THE NEAR EAST.

ASIA MINOR

By WALTER A. HAWLEY. Author of "Oriental Rugs." With numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. An interesting and informing account of that little-known part of the Near East—Asia Minor, which the author knows so well.

FLANDERS AND AUSTRIA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The MEMOIRS of Sir ANDREW MELVILL, 1624-1672, and the Wars of the Seventeenth Century.

By TORICK AMEER-ALI. With a Foreword by General Sir IAN HAMILTON. 10s. 6d. net. "The translator and editor has done his work well. We have nothing for him but praise and congratulation."—*Times*.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo St., W.1.

no special importance to students of foreign affairs and Japanese history, but he brings to light a budget of interesting and, in some respects, valuable material. Mr. Coleman is not impressed with Japan's commercial efficiency or business morality, though in the latter she shows signs of improvement. No trade mark and copyright law exists in China, and Japanese manufacturers will produce any monopolised commodity which they can make at a profit, and copy not only the goods, but the brand, name and material. To introduce the use of oils to the Chinese the Standard Oil Company sold lamps at a low price in Shansi. Japanese manufacturers at once came into the market with cheaper and worse lamps, although there was nothing to distinguish their appearance from the American product. An expert could tell one from the other because the Japanese, to give a touch of realism to a shoddy article, had stamped on the bottom of their lamps: "Made by the Standard Oil Company of America." There was no name on the American lamp. Labor conditions made this cheapness possible. There are no trade union organizations. In one cotton-factory Mr. Coleman found 300 girls of thirteen years of age working eleven hours a day whether on night or day shift. Many were paid less than sixpence a day and nearly half their wages went back to the company for their board and room.

* * *

"Shakespeare and England." By Sir WALTER RALEIGH
The British Academy Annual Shakespeare Lecture. (Oxford University Press. 1s. net.)

THERE is surely nothing more provoking to lovers of literature than the deliberate attempt carried out persistently during the last four years to exploit Shakespeare in the interests of "patriotism." A professor of the repute of Sir Walter Raleigh really ought to know better. At any rate, Sir Walter's effort to paint Shakespeare merely as an Englishman makes his address so thin and superficial as to read like an after-dinner speech rather than a lecture delivered to an association bearing so proud a title as the British Academy. We ask so often and impatiently what have the Germans to do with Shakespeare, that at the end of it we feel that the tag should be amended—he was not for an age but for August, 1914. Nor is Sir Walter always apt in his choice of quotation. To mark down the Bastard's speech in King John about the women—"Their gentle hearts (change) To fierce and bloody inclination" as a "prophecy" of "the patriotism of our women" might not perhaps be regarded as a compliment by the latter. In justice, however, to Sir Walter, we observe that he quotes the Portia speech on mercy, as one that "rises above the strife of nations; it belongs to humanity." That, perhaps, is a clue to the vociferations thrown at Sir Walter in certain quarters for being "a pro-Hun professor."

* * *

"The Small Place." By ELSA REHMANN. (Putnam. 12s. 6d. net.)

"THE SMALL PLACE" consists of a series of articles written by the author upon the problems of making deserts blossom. The "small places" are in America, so that the reader's happy expectations of cottage garden economy are far from being fulfilled. On the other hand, Miss Rehmann uses the transatlantic term "landscape architect" in an attractive signification practically unknown in these islands. That the garden is part of the house and the house of the garden is one of those elementary lessons in design which is the least regarded. Our quarrel with Miss Rehmann is the usual one of the layman with the expert. She does not lay plans founded upon principles. At times, indeed, when her disregard for the reader carries her beyond discretion and proportion and she gives us long descriptions of garden flowers, all scented and blooming in their scientific names, she can very tedious. It is a pity, too, that the houses illustrated in the book are so forbiddingly ugly. With their gardens about them, they look like ugly women in beautiful dresses. Still, the book is a useful one for people who study the difficult art of garden composition.

"Workhouse Characters." By MARGARET WYNNE NEVINSON.
(Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

THESE are not pretty stories. They are at once a criticism and an indictment, though Mrs. Nevinson is too gifted a writer to force her story for the purpose of propaganda. Here are the facts of the lives of the hopeless. Mrs. Nevinson knows them as only a hard-working and sympathetic guardian—or the victims—can know them. The author has an artist's instinct for restraint and proportion, and a fine humor, or the book would be unbearable in its grief. Having caught the right note of London's poor, her dialogue is lifelike and never over-emphasized, as it generally is in work of this kind. The precision and force with which some of the characters are drawn, such as the "Obscure Conversationalist," who owed her independent position to her cooking of steaks, which her master remembered in his will, persist in the mind like studies from Dickens. Since these sketches were written many reforms have taken place, but the poor remain. Poverty, toil, Factory Acts, Poor Laws, and indifference not being sufficient in themselves, shrapnel and poison gas have been added to the human lot, and the sons and brothers of those workhouse characters have crossed the seas to find an enemy. Mrs. Nevinson's workhouse is now a military hospital.

The Week in the City.

THE Money Market hardened a little on Tuesday, and short loans were in demand at from 3 to 3½ per cent. In the Stock Markets prices have been generally firm, with Consols well above 58, and the 3½ per cent. War Loan of 1914, which is a good deal sought after, above 88. A depression has fallen over the Home Railway Market in consequence of the threatened strike, with the practical certainty that in any event the railwaymen will get such an increase in wages as will cut very deeply into dividends after the war. Another French Loan, 4 per cent. and tax free, and inconvertible for twenty-five years, has been announced, and it is stated that overdue coupons of Russian stock will be among the securities accepted in payment of subscriptions—a very remarkable provision indeed. The sales of National War Bonds are again unsatisfactory, only 16½ millions having been marketed last week. The prosperity of the Meat Companies may serve as a comment on the official theory that Government food control is in the interest of the consumer, and is a check upon profiteering. Two meat companies have just distributed interim dividends of 1s. per share. At the end of July, 1914, the price of British and Argentine was 7s. 6d. On Monday last it was 27s. 6d. The shares of the Smithfield and Argentine before the war stood at 10s., and had risen on Monday to 35s. 9d. The above facts are culled from a useful note in the "Westminster Gazette," which also recalls that in 1917, the British paid 2s. 6d. per share, and the Smithfield 3s.

A.B.C. AND BUSZARD'S.

The announcement by the directors of the Aerated Bread Co. of the proposed amalgamation with W. and G. Buszard's Ltd. has aroused so much criticism that the former have felt it necessary to issue a further letter to shareholders in justification of their policy. But they still do not meet the chief objection raised, namely, that shareholders are asked to sanction the scheme without seeing any figures as to the trading results of a concern for which they are to pay a high price. Although the directors of the A.B.C. state that recent progress has been "simply astounding," they deny that it is due to special war trade. The excuse for not disclosing the figures that Buszard's "refuse to allow competitors who have no earthly interest in their business the benefit which these figures and facts would afford them" is a poor one. On the other hand, a list of leases and properties acquired by Buszard's since its incorporation is given, but no details as to how the total valuation of assets at £175,000 is made up are vouchsafed. The proposal is likely to meet with some opposition at the meeting to be held on Monday next.

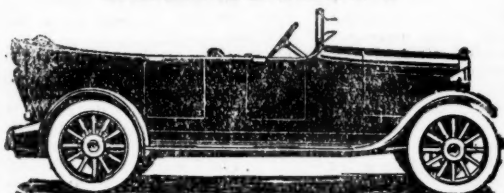
JOHN BROWN'S REPORT.

The report of John Brown & Co., Ltd. for the year ended March 31st last shows a decline in profits, after paying debenture interest, from £494,000 to £453,300, the figure being arrived at, according to the auditors' report on the balance sheet, after making due provisions for War taxation. Sundry Creditors in the balance sheet, which include this item, show an increase as compared with the previous year, of £384,000. The amount available for distribution, including the balance brought forward, is £629,800, of which £150,000 is placed to contingency account. The dividend distributions are unchanged, ordinary shareholders receiving 12½ per cent. as in the three previous years, and £164,400, or £12,000 less is carried forward.

LUCILLUM.

Austin

You will want your Post-War Car to give the
BEST VALUE
for
EFFICIENCY
and
RELIABILITY



so do not hesitate to have your name added to the waiting List for the new standardised Austin "20." All its improved special features are the result of the wide experience gained during the last four years.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LD.

Head Office and Works:
NORTHFIELD BIRMINGHAM

Branches at:
London - Manchester - Norwich - Paris

**A GREAT
NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION
THE PRUDENTIAL**

Paid to its Policyholders in 1917 over £9,700,000
or over £31,000 for each Working Day

QUEEN'S HALL.

Sole Lessees—Chappell & Co., Ltd.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, September 28th, at 3.

MURIEL FOSTER **GERVASE ELWES.**
HILDA SAXE, **ALBERT SAMMONS.**

The Programme includes "KREUTZER" SONATA.

Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., 3s., 1s. 3d.
E. L. ROBINSON Direction, 175, Piccadilly.

HOW TO SPEAK EFFECTIVELY
(Treating Elocution, Voice, etc.)
SPEAKING IN PUBLIC
(How to acquire Fluency)
ELOCUTION IN THE PULPIT

London: SIMPKIN MARSHALL & Co., 4, Stationers' Hall Court, E.C. 4.

By CHARLES SEYMOUR
(Teacher of Elocution.)
4s. net each, cloth.
May be ordered through all
Booksellers.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

LECTURES on "The Soul of Man," at Mortimer Halls,
93, Mortimer Street, W. (off Langham Place). Sunday Evenings
at 6.30 p.m. Sept. 22nd. Mrs. RANSOM on "The Indian Idea of
the Soul." Admission Free.

Macmillan's New Books

SIR EDWARD COOK

Literary Recreations

By SIR EDWARD COOK. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net
(Immediately)

SECOND IMPRESSION

THE BLUE GUIDES

London and Its Environs

Edited by FINDLAY MUIRHEAD, M.A. 30 Maps
and Plans. 10s. net

The Daily Graphic.—"It may be safely affirmed that there is no better guide to London in existence."

Athenæum.—"To all English-speaking visitors to, or explorers of, London, this guide should become almost indispensable. It is comprehensive, minute in its description of the principal public buildings, antiquarian, artistic, and scientific treasures, and prominent institutions."

The Future Government of India

By K. VYASA RAO, B.A. 8vo. 12s. net

The Times.—"This volume is the most notable contribution that has yet been made by any Indian writer to the constructive side of the Indian problem. Mr. K. Vyasa Rao is an original and independent thinker."

* Macmillan's Autumn Announcement List post free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., London, W.C.2.

FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT

Towards World-Religion and World-Brotherhood.
STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street (off Portman Sq., W.)
NEXT SUNDAY, 11 A.M.

Rev. WALTER WALSH, D.D.,—"The Tribe, or the Realm."

CORNWALL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

Callington County School.

REQUIRED, immediately, SENIOR ASSISTANT MISTRESS
able to teach Geography, and either Lower Form Mathematics, or Lower Form Chemistry.
Commencing salary, £185.
Form of Application can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the Headmaster, County School, Callington.
Education Department, County Hall, Truro.
September 13th, 1918.

"De Reszke" Space-Saver

"De Reszke"
The Aristocrat CIGARETTES

The Aristocrat of Virginias—the "De Reszke" American—has won appreciation from many of the best known men of to-day—men whose words cannot be bought:—

Matheson Lang, Esq., writes: "I find the 'De Reszke' Americans quite excellent. They have a delightful flavour and—what is a great thing to me—they are harmless to the throat."

John Buchanan, Esq., writes: "The 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are certainly the best Virginia Cigarettes I have ever smoked."

*Other opinions in other "De Reszke" ads.

Sold
Everywhere



THE
**GUARANTEED
SAFETY GLASS**

for all purposes
Goggles, Wind Screens
Windows, Show Cases
etc., etc.

TRIPLEX

Descriptive
Catalog Mailed Free
on

'TRIPLEX' SAFETY GLASS Co. LD.
(Reginald Delpach, Managing Director)
1, ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON, W. 1
Tele.: Shatterlys, Piccy, London
Telephone:
Regent 1340

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LTD.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the London City and Midland Bank, Limited, was held at the Cannon-street Hotel, London, E.C., on Friday, September 13th, 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of approving the agreement for the amalgamation of the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, with the London City and Midland Bank, Limited, providing for an increase in the directors' remuneration, increasing the capital of the company, and changing the name of the company to "London Joint City and Midland Bank, Limited."

The Chairman (Sir Edward H. Holden, Bart.) said: We have called you together to-day for the purpose of submitting to you for your approval the scheme entered into by your directors for the amalgamation of the London Joint Stock Bank with the London City and Midland Bank.

As you are aware, the London City and Midland Bank have consistently pursued the policy of amalgamation since the year 1888, and for us it is only a continuation of our policy to seek to obtain a union with the London Joint Stock Bank. As regards the general question of bank amalgamations, several important reasons may be advanced. In the first place, bankers are confronted with the problem of restoring the industries of the country after the war to the condition which they previously occupied.

The concerns which have been converted from peace production into munition factories will have to be reconverted to their original condition. In the case of a number of those branches of industry which have continued in their pre-war occupation, such as those producing for home consumption and for export, the plant and machinery have been allowed to run down, and it will be necessary to renovate them and bring them up-to-date, and even to a better condition than before the war. Large sums of money will have to be found for the purchase of raw material, and large sums will also be required to improve the trade position generally. It is estimated that no less than 300 millions sterling will be required for these purposes, and credit will in some way have to be created for that amount. How this credit can be created I will deal with later, but large and powerful banks are indispensable for the purpose.

The second reason is that every effort should be made to retain London as the financial centre of the world. One of our principal competitors in the future will be Germany, and just as the Germans made great preparations for the war by increasing their armies and supplying themselves with large amounts of gold and munitions of war, so they are at the present time making their preparations for after-war trade.

Criticism has been directed against the way in which the Joint Stock Banks do their business through their system of branches, and it is further alleged that the industries do not get as much assistance as was given by the private banks in the old days. Criticism of this kind cannot be adequately met except by going somewhat in detail into the history of the development of the banking system of this country from the year 1800 to the present time.

Notwithstanding many banking vicissitudes, our foreign trade increased during the years 1880 to 1900 from £697,000,000 to £877,000,000, and it was during this period that the system of amalgamation was widely extended.

Passing on from 1900 to 1913, our foreign trade increased during this period from £877,000,000 to £1,403,000,000. Although the South African War, which broke out in 1899, caused serious depreciation in all gilt-edged securities, no evidence of weakness was shown except in the case of a number of the smaller banks which found relief in amalgamation. During the thirteen years I am now reviewing, seventy amalgamations took place, with the effect of making the surviving banks larger and more powerful. By the end of 1913 the branches of the Joint Stock Banks in England and Wales were more than 6,000 in number, and all were assisting the commerce and industry of the country. But for the amalgamations the banks could not possibly have given adequate assistance to our enormously increased trade.

No one examining the effect of these amalgamations can come to any other conclusion than that the banking system was strengthened by them, and was the more able to support the commerce and industry of the country.

I pause here for a moment to summarise the facts and figures which I have recited. The first eighty years of last century showed a development of our external trade from £68,000,000 to £697,000,000. During this period we had a very large number of bank failures with periodic financial crises which brought widespread ruin in their train. In the next thirty-three years our external trade grew from £697,000,000 to £1,403,000,000, a much larger addition to the volume of our trade than was made in the whole of the preceding eighty years. This increase was possible only because the banks were able to give the necessary financial facilities. It was during these thirty-three years that the system of bank amalgamation became fully established. In the first twenty of these thirty-three years there were still, it is true, some failures on the part of small banks, but these were not to be compared in number or importance with those which had taken place in the preceding twenty-year periods. In the last thirteen of the thirty-three years there were practically no bank failures at all. This record justifies me in saying that the system of bank amalgamation has proved of the greatest advantage to the whole of our industry and commerce.

I come to the present time, and I direct my view forward to the future. There has never been a parallel to the present position in the world. If this country is to restore and gradually improve her financial and industrial position, it can only be done by

increasing her exports to a larger amount than they have ever been before. We must not be unmindful, however, that other countries will endeavour to do the same. We shall live in a world of keen competition for export trade. We shall only be in a position to win in the struggle and to increase our trade if our banks are not less big and powerful than those of our trade rivals.

At our annual meetings, before the outbreak of war, we called attention from time to time to the financial preparations which Germany was making, and to the manner in which she was accumulating gold. Now we call attention to the fact that the Germans are putting their banks together in order to enable them to begin a financial war when the actual fighting ceases.

We must remember that in retaining London as the financial centre we must be prepared after the war to meet any extra demands for the purposes of trade which may be made on us by the foreign bankers, and that is one of the most important reasons for seeking to make our banks much larger than they were before the war. Amalgamations are taking place in all parts of the world, notably in Germany, America, Sweden, Canada, and Australia. The cry in all countries is "make the banks larger and stronger." This can only be done as it has been done in our country by amalgamations.

It has been alleged very strenuously that amalgamations cause competition among the banks to become weaker. Any such statement is false, and without any foundation whatever. To prove this I say that already there are very few districts, if any, in which other banks have not taken steps to establish new branches where the number of banks has been recently reduced by two banks going together, and I would venture to say that, instead of competition being weakened, competition between the banks in future will be much more severe. There is no cause whatsoever for opposition to amalgamations on this account.

Will the opponents of amalgamation raise the question that it is against the interest of the country to have a concentration of resources? We must remember that we are a small country, and that we derive our deposits from a population of 47 millions. America has 105 millions. Germany had a population of 70 millions, and consequently they have a larger amount of deposits. The deposits of this country can be more effectively lent if they are concentrated than if they are scattered. By being concentrated they can be transferred more readily from those parts of the country where they are not wanted to those parts where they are required. Take the case of our own bank. We have 1,100 branches, and these 1,100 branches gather deposits from different parts of the country, and, if the bank has deposits in one part of the country which cannot be lent, they are easily transferred to another part of the country where they are required. The arguments that amalgamation results in reduced accommodation are wrong, and, in fact, no argument has been used against these amalgamations which, if sifted and examined, will not prove to be false. These amalgamations will not be prejudicial and will, on the contrary, be beneficial to the community in the future, just as they admittedly have been in the past. I can speak in reference to our bank, and we say that the fear of a reduction of banking accommodation, the danger of a money trust, and the possibilities of interlocking directorates and of the weakening of competition are all absurd. There will be no money trust, no interlocking directorates, and competition will be as severe as it always has been. The result will be that the industries will not get less accommodation, but the probability is that they will get considerably more.

Before closing this part of my speech I should like to deal with another objection which has been urged against these amalgamations, namely, that the small man does not receive considerate treatment at the hands of the big joint stock bank. What is the position of this bank with regard to the small man? We have on our books over 40,000 customers who have come to us and secured accommodation in amounts of £500 and under; between 20,000 and 25,000 are borrowing on an average less than £50 each, and the total of our advances to these customers amounts to about six millions sterling. As I have said, we have 40,000 of these small men on our books, and we are quite willing to increase that number to 140,000 or more if the demands they make upon us are legitimate.

Now let us come to the details of the amalgamation of the London Joint Stock Bank with this bank. We admit that we have treated the shareholders of the London Joint Stock Bank in a liberal manner. When you come to examine our figures you will find that your capital of £5,192,000 and your reserve of £4,346,000, or 84 per cent. of your capital, will be very considerably increased as a result of the amalgamation. We have never yet carried through an amalgamation without adding to the reserve fund of the amalgamated bank the same percentage of the new capital created as was the percentage of the reserve to capital of our own bank, but in the case of this amalgamation the Joint Stock Bank have contributed more than 84 per cent. We have increased our capital by £1,980,000, which we have given to the shareholders of the Joint Stock Bank, and they have given us for that amount their capital and reserve which amounts to £4,295,000. Therefore, after we have provided the amount of new capital, the balance left which we receive is £2,315,000. In addition, we both contribute out of our carry forwards, which amount to £895,000, the sum of £511,000, which we are adding to the reserve fund. Their contributions to our reserve fund raise the percentage of reserve to capital to 94.6 per cent., whereas before the amalgamation it was only 84 per cent. True, their shareholders will get an increased dividend

in the aggregate amounting to £41,000 a year, but the profits from their business will not only give us that £41,000 to pay them, but will give us in addition a very large sum, so that even from this point of view the London City and Midland Bank have protected the interests of their shareholders.

Now we come to the shareholders. It is the policy of this bank to strengthen the bank from every point of view. We offer a share of £2 10s. at the price of £5. One new share will be allotted to every shareholder in respect of every seven old shares held at the time of the new issue. This will enable us to put £1,024,000 to our capital account, raising it to about £8,200,000, and £1,024,000 to our reserve, raising it also to about £8,200,000. The new shares are fully paid, and we will pay on them the same dividend as on the ordinary shares, which is now 18 per cent., returning 9 per cent. gross or £6 6s. per cent., after paying income tax at the rate of 6s. in the £. This is a remarkably good return for a bank share.

When these arrangements are all carried out, the paid-up capital of this bank will be about £8,200,000, and the reserve will be about £8,200,000, making together a total of about £16,400,000. It is the ambition of a banker to see his reserve fund equal to his capital, and we have satisfied that ambition.

Let us see where we stand among the great joint stock banks of this country and of Germany. Including affiliations, we estimate the deposits of the five principal banks in each country as follows:—

GERMANY.	
Bank.	Deposits.
Deutsche	£450,000,000
Disconto-Gesellschaft	300,000,000
Dresdner	220,000,000
Bank für Handel und Industrie	90,000,000
Commerz und Disconto	80,000,000
	£1,140,000,000
UNITED KINGDOM.	
Bank.	Deposits.
London Joint City and Midland	£314,000,000
Lloyds	300,000,000
London County Westminster and Parr's	250,000,000
Barclay's	220,000,000
National Provincial and Union of England	180,000,000
	£1,264,000,000

By way of concluding my remarks, I should say that we have entered into this amalgamation, in the first place, in consequence of the great advantages which we shall derive from it for our bank. We shall be enabled to divert the resources of the Joint Stock Bank amongst the industries, where they can be employed to a greater extent through our bank than they are at the present time. We shall give our customers the advantage of working through the offices of the Joint Stock Bank in a number of additional towns, and we shall be enabled to open up facilities for the customers of the Joint Stock Bank in the towns where we have branches and they have not. I have no doubt whatever that the union will prove of great advantage to our customers and to their customers, to our bank and to their bank. In the second place, because it will enable us the more efficiently to meet the difficult position which will arise after the war, and, in the third place, because from the national point of view we shall be able to play a more powerful part in assisting to re-establish London as the financial centre of the world.

We now bring before you the proposal to amalgamate the London Joint Stock Bank with our bank, and we venture to say that the practical working out of this transaction will result in much larger profits for the two banks when they become one, and, while I do not promise any increased dividend, I do think we may repeat in future the operation of issuing paid-up capital, and thus give our shareholders the opportunity of reaping some practical advantage at the same time that we pursue our first object, which must be to strengthen our institution in every way we can.

After several congratulatory speeches the resolutions embodying the acceptance of the agreement for the increase of the capital and the change of the name of the bank to "London Joint City and Midland Bank, Limited," were unanimously carried.

Colonel Sir Charles Allen, in proposing a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman, congratulated Sir Edward Holden on the excellent amalgamation with the London Joint Stock Bank. They had had a most instructive address. They were all very proud of their chairman, and they hoped that he would conserve his energies so that he might long enjoy the position he held as chairman of their splendid bank.

Captain Sir Rowland Blades seconded the resolution, observing that they all were much indebted to the chairman for a memorable and interesting address. He heartily endorsed the hope expressed by Colonel Sir Charles Allen that Sir Edward would have health and strength for many years to carry on his magnificent work, not only for the bank but for the country, as it was well known that their chairman had given most valuable assistance to the country during the period of the war.

The resolution was unanimously carried, and the chairman having briefly responded, the proceedings then terminated.

A full pamphlet of the speech may be obtained from the bank.

"The Sister of Literature-Tobacco"
Prof. Sir Walter Raleigh in the "Times"



"The pipe with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff and speak, and puff
again."

COWPER.

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

"Pipe Perfect"

IN THREE STRENGTHS—

White Label.

Mild and Medium.

9¹/₂d.

10¹/₂d.

Per oz.

Per oz.

This Tobacco is also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

LEARN DUTTON'S 24-HOUR SHORTHAND; Specimen lesson 2d.—DUTTON'S COLLEGE, Desk 60. Skegness.

Chelspa

The Cheltenham
Natural Aperient Water
from the Royal Spa Wells.

For Constipation, Gout, Obesity,
Dyspepsia and other ills.

Chelspa in bottles 1/6 each, sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Note the name CHELSPA.

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.

From Autocracy to Bolshevism

By BARON P. GRAEVENITZ. 5s. net. [Ready Sept. 24th.]
A concise and able history of the Russian Revolution.

Pencil Speakings from Peking

By A. E. GRANTHAM. 10s. 6d. net.
"Mr. Grantham has written a most charming and unusual book. It will always find a small but substantial company of admirers, by whom its life will be indefinitely prolonged."—*New Statesman*.

Three Aspects of the Russian Revolution

By EMILE VANDERVELDE. Translated by JEAN E. H. FINDLAY. 5s. net.
"A valuable and original series of notes on revolutionary Russia."—*Daily News*.

The Making of Modern Yorkshire

By J. S. FLETCHER. 7s. 6d. net.
"Is distinctly a book worth writing and worth reading, no matter in which county the reader may have been bred and domiciled."—*Liverpool Courier*.

Our Democracy: Its Origins and its Tasks

By JAMES H. TUFTS. 7s. 6d. net.
"Remarkable for the clearness and directness of its exposition."—*Scotsman*.

A Levy on Capital

By A. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.
Paper, 1s. 6d. net.
"The best statement, set forth in cold, clear, exact argument, with statistical evidence, yet made of the case for 'The Levy on Capital.'"—*Manchester Guardian*.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity

By REV. WALTER J. CAREY, Chaplain, R.N. 2s. net.
"Chapters by a thoughtful, forward-looking Anglican, whose simple directness of style makes its appeal."—*Times*.

The Hour and the Church:

An Appeal to the Church of England

By A. MAUDE ROYDEN. 2s. net.
"I hope everyone will read Miss Royden's book. It is marked by all her usual power."—*ARTIFEX* in the *Manchester Guardian*.

Religio Grammatici:

The Religion of a "Man of Letters"

By GILBERT MURRAY, LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net. Paper, 1s. net.
"I welcome the remarks of Prof. Gilbert Murray in his lecture."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The Best of both Worlds

Poems of Spirit and Sense

By HENRY VAUGHAN and ANDREW MARVELL.
Edited by FRANCIS MEYNELL. 3s. net.
"One of the most charming anthologies imaginable."—*Daily News*.

Poems Written during the Great War

1914-1918 Edited by BERTRAM LLOYD 2s. 6d. net.
"A very impressive book."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Austria-Hungary and her Slav Subjects

By DR. F. M. DICKINSON BERRY. Introduction by SIR WILLOUGHBY DICKINSON, M.P. 1s. net.
"Mrs. Dickinson Berry deals with the matter very clearly and quite profoundly."—*Westminster Gazette*.

NEW NOVELS

The Chestermarke Instinct

By J. S. FLETCHER. 6s. net.
"It is a clever sensational story, good in plot and exceptionally good in its characters, who are all real and well drawn."—*Times*.
"He has the rare understanding of how to augment the interest of detection by the portrait art and a decent literary style."—*Morning Post*.

The Lay of the Land

By ROBERT A. HAMBLIN. Author of "The Heart of Joanna," and "The Second Harvest." 5s. net.
[Ready Sept. 24th.]

Russia and the Struggle for Peace

By MICHAEL S. FARBMAN. 5s. net [Ready Sept. 24th.]
A fascinating and truthful account of the Russian Revolution.

War and Revolution in Asiatic Russia

By M. PHILIPS PRICE. 8s. 6d. net.
"One of the best books of travel that have appeared for many years. . . a first-hand narrative of events that have found few trustworthy chroniclers."—*Everyman*.

Macedonian Musings

By V. J. SELIGMAN. 5s. net.
"His real cleverness makes itself felt—a clearness of thought that clothes itself in picturesque forms, and no little shrewdness of analytical insight."—*Evening Standard*.

Reminiscences and Reflections of a Mid and Late Victorian

By ERNEST BELFORT BAX. 7s. 6d. net.
"There is in the book something real and solid, the soberly stated observations of an acute and careful observer, which are in themselves enough to give pleasure."—*Land and Water*.

The Relationship between the Mystical and the Sensible Worlds

By HERBERT N. G. NEWLYN. 4s. 6d. net.
[Ready Sept. 24th.]
The Author, assuming on evidential grounds the reality of mystical experience, states its implications and seeks its explanation and significance.

The Conscience of Europe

The War and the Future

By PROF. ALEXANDER W. RIMINGTON. 3s. 6d. net.
The aim of this book is to consider certain aspects of the war in relation to the conscience of the peoples of Europe.

Made Free in Prison

By E. WILLIAMSON MASON. Intro. by EDWARD CARPENTER. Paper, 2s. 6d. net. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.
"Mr. Mason's diary is essentially the story of a soldier. His book will be read long years after his gaolers have been forgotten."—*The Nation*.

Prisoners of Hope:

The Problem of the Conscientious Objector

By PROF. A. S. PEAKE, M.A., D.D. 1s. 6d. net.
"We can imagine no statement of case better suited to overcome the prejudice and win the assent of Christian minds."—*Labour Leader*.

We Moderns:

Enigmas and Guesses

By EDWARD MOORE. 4s. 6d. net.
"I do most confidently recommend the book to the general reader."—J. D. B. in the *Westminster Gazette*.

Workhouse Characters

By MRS. M. W. NEVINSON. 3s. 6d. net.
"Mrs. Nevinson's book will be read long after the last alleviation she could desire for the people she loves and pities so well has become an established reality."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The International Solution

By H. E. HYDE. 3s. 6d. net.
"The book is clearly and vigorously written, stimulates thought, and is well worth more than cursory study."—*Aberdeen Daily Journal*.

RUSKIN HOUSE, 40 MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C.4, and published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED at the Offices, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.2.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1918.

8.

D.

24th.

ssia

many
and few

ut that
ess of

of a

stated
them-

tical

24th.
ility of
ks its

net.
of the
ope.

D CAR-

is book
."—The

or

vercome
Labour

general

eviation
become

thought.
Journal.

Seven."

as sure

des and
ept 24th.

V.C.1

London,
21, 1918.